

Hollywood

A Fawcett Publication

35 August



NOW

5¢

FORMERLY


~~10¢~~

10c in Canada

JOAN
Debunks the
Bennett Legends

Katharine Hepburn
and Charles Boyer
rehearse a song for
"Break of Hearts"
See Page 24

BING CROSBY'S SONG OF LOVE




I'll never let you down
I'm your best friend
I am your **Lucky Strike**

For a friendly smoke—it's the tobacco that counts. I am made of fragrant, expensive center leaves only; the finest, most expensive Turkish and domestic tobaccos grown.

Copyright, 1935,
The American Tobacco Company



*Try me
I'll never
let you
down*



"I found a little
SECRET OF POPULARITY
that so many women
OVERLOOK"

"**F**OR years I was left out of things—a young girl who rarely had a date and never had a beau. Now that is all changed. I am invited everywhere... life is gay and interesting—and all because I discovered a little secret of popularity that so many women overlook."

Popular People Realize It

Popular people are never guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. That is one of the reasons they are popular. Realizing that anyone may have bad breath without knowing it, they take this easy pleasant precaution against it—Listerine, the

quick deodorant, used as a mouth rinse. Most causes of halitosis, says a great dental authority, are due to fermenting food in the mouth. Tiny particles which even careful tooth brushing fails to remove, decompose and release odors. It happens even in normal mouths. No wonder so many breaths offend!

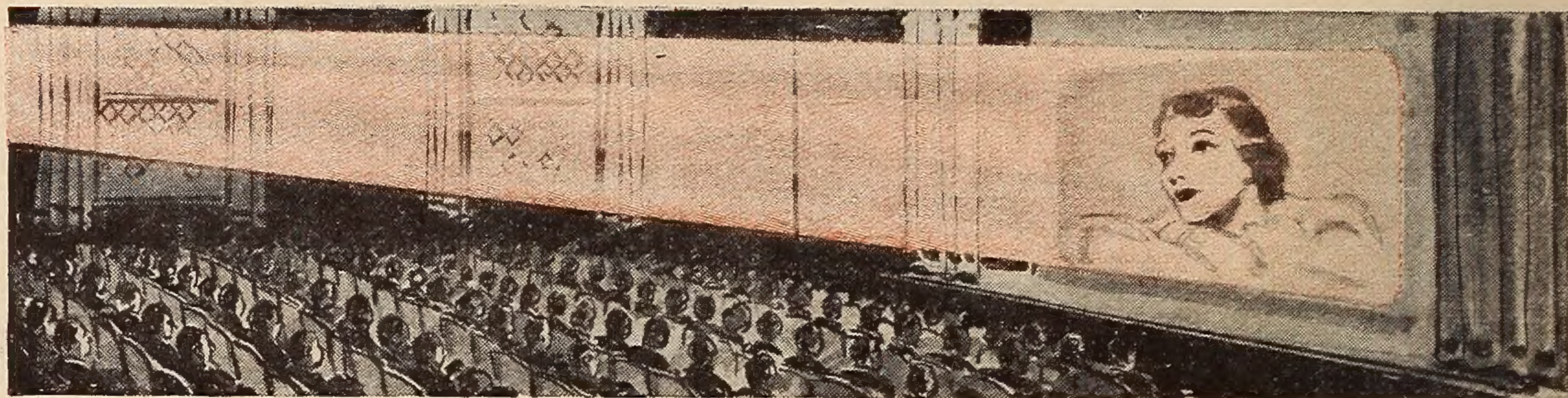
Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then it overcomes the odors it causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes fresher, cleaner, more wholesome. Get in the habit of using Listerine. It's an investment in friendship. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



Keep your breath beyond suspicion. Use LISTERINE before meeting others

Discovered

IN A
HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!



Together,
A GREAT
STAR and
a NEW STAR

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum...and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.



William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name—Luise Rainer!



Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart—and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!

WILLIAM POWELL ⁱⁿ *Escapade* with LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS

A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Hollywood

The News Reel of the Stars

Today in Hollywood

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Prediction . . .

FRANCHOT TONE will emerge as one of the big stars of 1935, due to the workings of blind Fate. Henry Wilcoxon withdrew from *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, and Tone stepped in. Robert Montgomery was forced out of *Mutiny On the Bounty* by conflicting work, and Tone stepped in. But luck has nothing to do with his performances. Watch Tone!

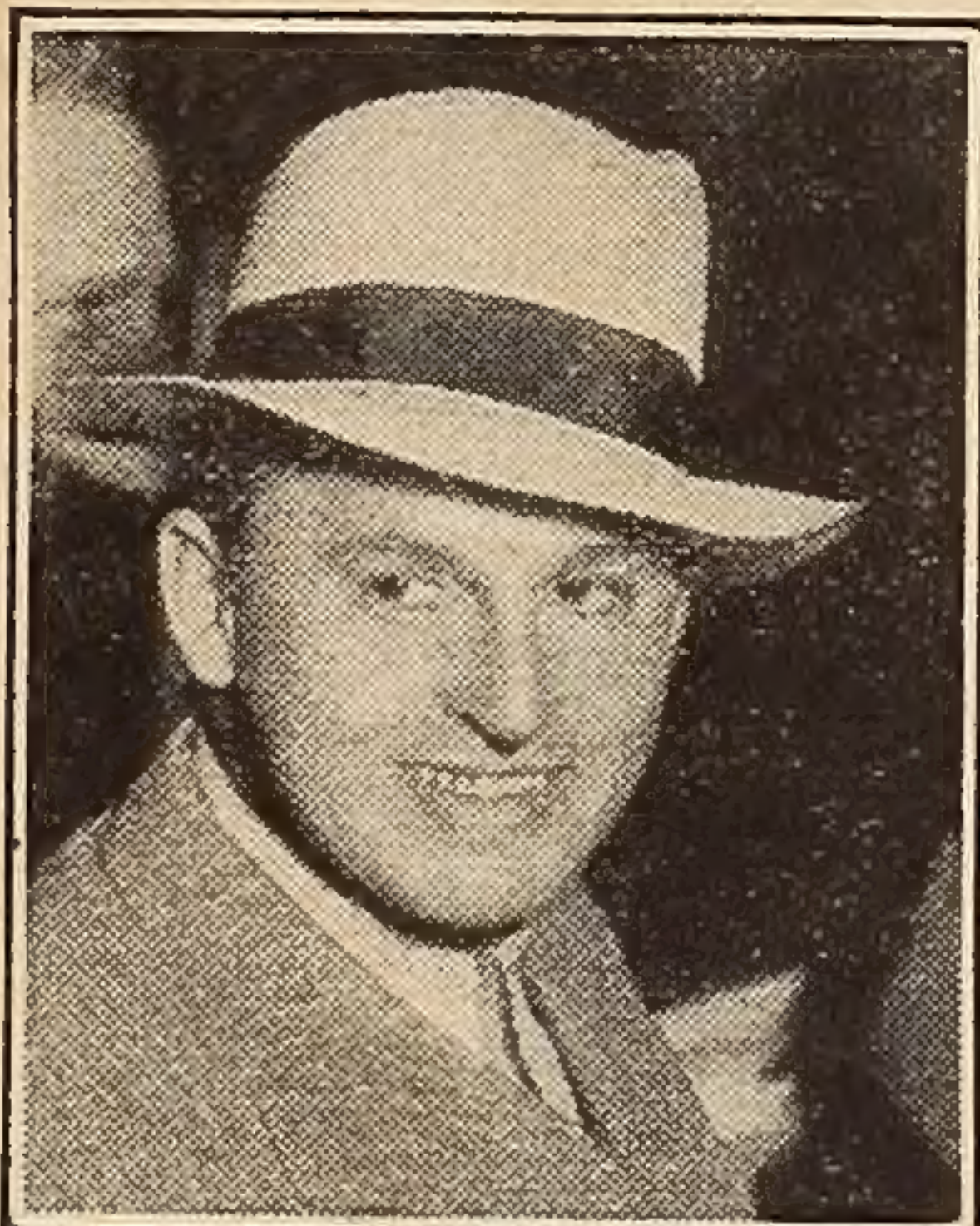


Movies and Business . . .

THOSE WHO doubt the power of pictures as a public influence should look into the bus business. After *It Happened One Night* the bus lines, according to Orville Caesar, head of Greyhound, showed increased business directly traced to the film. The number of women traveling by bus was upped fifteen per cent. All hoping to find Gable among the passengers?

Raiding the Radio . . .

PICTURES DENUDED the stage of its stars. Now it is radio, with all the big broadcasts forced to originate in Hollywood . . . because all the radio stars have gone into movies! At Paramount are Ben Bernie, George Burns and Gracie Allen, hosts of others making *The Big Broadcast*. While Jello perforce follows Jack Benny to Metro, for *Broadway Melody*. While waiting for these two big productions to finish, you'll have to tune in on Hollywood.



Foster Parents . . .

ALBERT JOLSON, JR., got an ear-ache and had to spend two weeks in the Hollywood Children's Hospital. Now Al and Ruby Jolson can consider themselves initiated into parenthood, for all babies, even adopted ones, have their woes.

Margaret Sullavan's Marriage Problem

AS PREDICTED by many in Hollywood, Margaret Sullavan's marriage to her director, William Wyler, has struck upon the rocks of conflicting temperaments. It was a surprise when she flew off on an elopement, with the very man she had been quarreling with all through *The Good Fairy*, but hardly a surprise to learn that marriage didn't change the tempers of either of them.

NEWS

Real Story About Anna Sten . . Jackie Cooper Pays Uncle Sam Old Debt . . Kay Francis Romances With Millionaire . . Rumors Bring Smiles From Connie

Why Anna Stepped Down

IT WAS DR. EUGENE FRENKE'S insistence that Sam Goldwyn wasn't doing right, artistically speaking, by Anna Sten, and not recently-developed temperament on Anna's part, that brought about the severance of business relations between the astute Sam and his so-called "million-dollar Russian folly."

Anna drew a cash settlement on her \$2,500-a-week contract, which still had two and one-half months to run.

It was Goldwyn's decision to continue the actress on a one-picture-a-year basis until she was more firmly entrenched in the hearts of American filmgoers that resulted in the loudest protests from Anna's husband.

La Sten's first year in this country was devoted solely to the task of mastering the English language. Then came *Nana*, followed by *We Live Again* and *Her Wedding Night*. The latter did much to swell her prestige.

Within twenty-four hours after Goldwyn tore up his pact with her, Columbia had signed Anna.

• •

Jackie Pays Off

JACKIE COOPER recently made one of his periodical visits to the Los Angeles courts, where he won permission to dip into the substantial trust fund built from his movie earnings. Seems that Uncle Sam sent Jackie a bill for an extra \$3,277 on his 1932 income, and Jackie believes in protecting his credit rating by prompt payment.

At the same time, his mother, Mrs. Mabel Cooper Bigelow, won approval on her petition for use of one-half of what Jackie receives from radio, advertising royalties and other sources aside from his talkie work—little ex-



"MOTHER McCREA"—is the song title for this pose of Joel and his mother

tras that now average \$497 weekly—to provide her boy with "a home befitting his station in life."

• •

It's On Again

WITH THE LAST possibility of a reconciliation between Roger Pryor and his estranged wife having faded, Roger's romance with the vivacious

Ann Sothern is again traveling forward with real momentum. Now comes Columbia to take advantage of the wide publicity given the pair's attachment by casting them as co-stars of *The Girl Friend*.

• •

Kay Francis Romances

BEAUTIFUL, MODISH and thrice-wed Kay Francis is believed definitely headed altarward, this time with the millionaire New York socialite, Bertrand Taylor, brother of our own Countess Dorothy di Frasso, who has become Kay's pal and confidante. It is Bertrand who ships Kay those rare flowers, packed in vacuum-sealed containers, from many parts of the world; it was Bertrand who sent her that costly emerald necklace last Christmas.

Kay met Taylor during her sojourn at the Countess' castle in Italy.

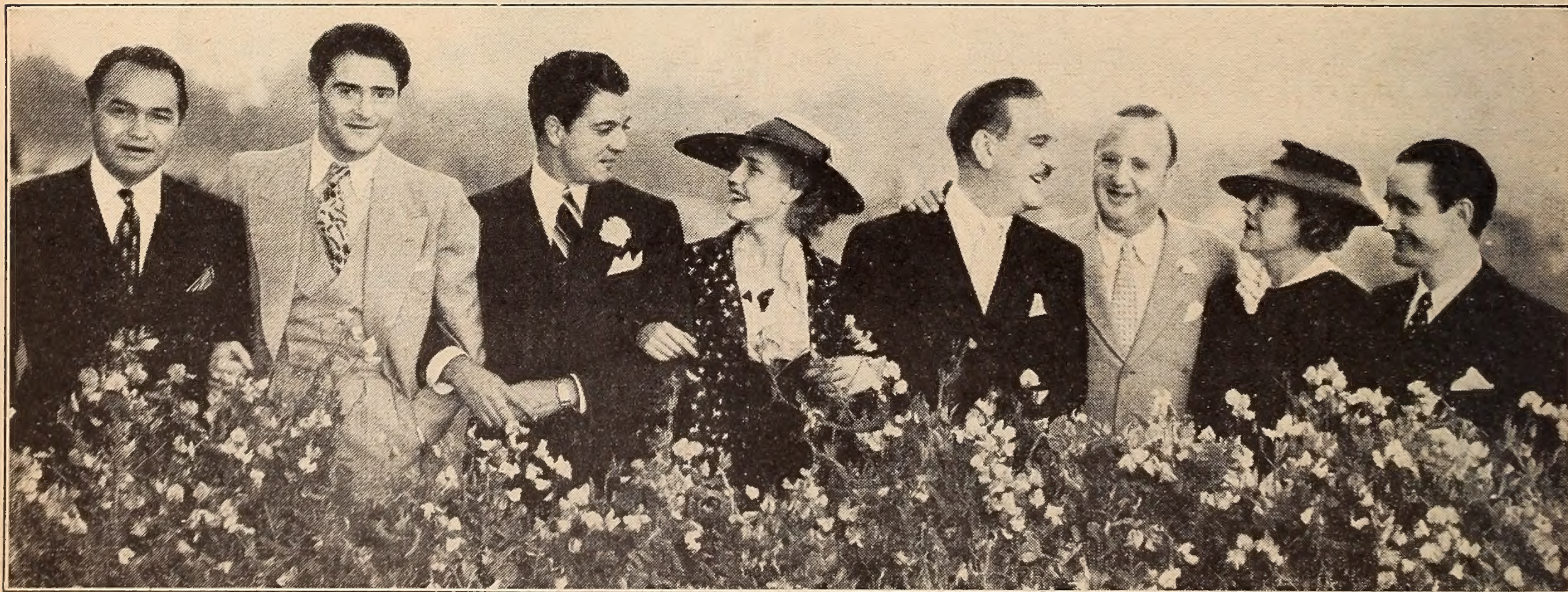
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Why Connie Smiles

CONSTANCE BENNETT is again laughing up that proverbial sleeve.

"Now comes the divorce!" opined Hollywood know-it-alls when the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye visited the immigration bureau to put his passport in order for a jaunt to his native France. But as it turns out, Hank is going over on a mission that has nothing to do with the courts.

After taking care of some matters preliminary to the European release of his Indo-China color film, *Kliou*, he will gather together a flock of the priceless Coudraye ancestral antiques for shipment here, where they will grace the new mansion Connie has built in Brentwood—a mansion that the Marquis will share with his wife.

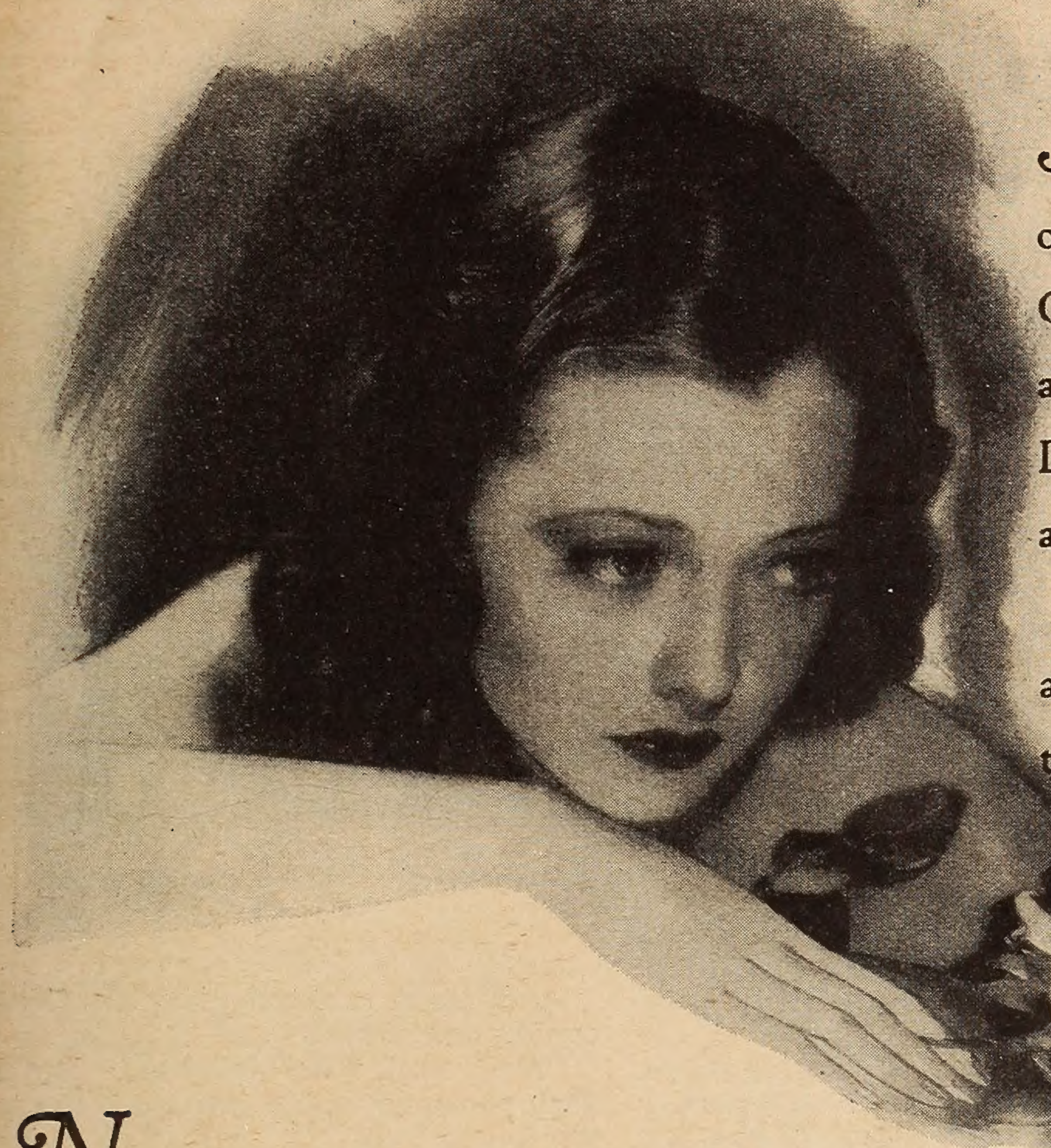


HEDGING into this photo are Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, Bob Hoover, Anita Louise, Frank Morgan, Jesse Lasky (host at party) Janet Beecher and Nino Martini, guest of honor

—Photos by Charles Rhodes

HOLLYWOOD

"Accent on Youth"



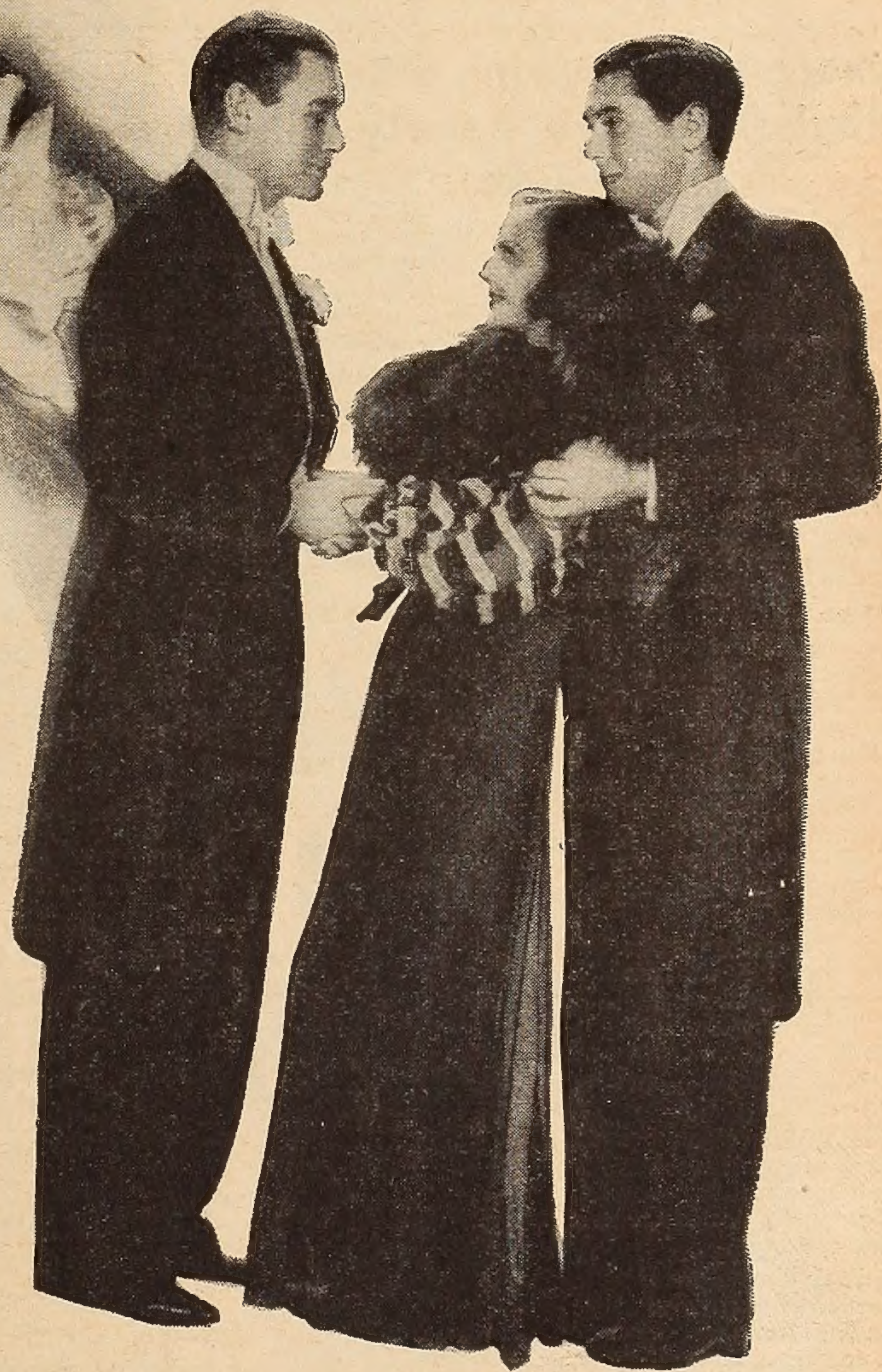
Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismatched; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question—and one of the several possible answers—has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE!



**what a truly amazing difference
Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids
do make**

DO you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.



Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.



BLACK AND BROWN

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream before retiring.



COLORLESS

The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.



All Maybelline Preparations
bear the seal of approval



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

NEWS

Garbo Sails For Sweden . . So Brent Finds Other Pursuits . . A Yarn About Gene Raymond . . And Elissa Landi Is Freed



Beauty and beast . . Boris Karloff views Artist Rolph Armstrong's contrasting paintings

George Settles Down

NOW THAT GRETA GARBO, his playmate of recent months, has departed for Europe, George Brent is busying himself with the formation of a California Escadrille, an aerial organization that will aid impoverished youths in the study of aviation in peacetime and offer its services to Uncle Sam in case of war.

Incorporation papers are now being drafted by Brent's attorney. The Escadrille will be state-wide in its scope, with the Hollywood unit to be designated as the Black Cats, its planes carrying an ebon feline as insignia. Warren William, Lew Ayres, Gordon Westcott, Ben Lyon, Jimmy Dunn and Harmon O. Nelson already have filed their membership applications.

There is a likelihood, too, that la Garbo will be named an honorary colonel in the outfit, for Brent, during the course of his recent romance with The Glamorous One, has discussed many of the plans with her.

• •

How Actors Keep Thin

BLOND GENE RAYMOND, mobbed by enthusiastic femininity in every city on his recent personal appearance tour, returned to Hollywood ten pounds underweight, the result of having to battle his way through stage door crowds.

Then, just as he thought he was set to win back the lost avoirdupois, an eighteen-year-old San Francisco stenographer, one Helen Zeh, announced her betrothal to the handsome thespian.

And, being a gentleman, all Gene could answer was:

"Well, well, I am delighted. But I wish someone would introduce me to the young lady."

• •

Elissa Takes A Stand

FROM NOW ON, if you will take Elissa Landi's word for it, she is going to live her own life, and not that of someone thousands of miles away.

Elissa made her emancipation declaration as she left Hollywood for a vacation in New York following the ordeal of a successful suit for divorce from John Cecil Lawrence, London barrister, whose attitude toward her, she told the judge, has seriously hampered her career.

"But that's all over now," asserted Elissa from the train platform, "and I'm going places, professionally."

Picture contracts already signed by the actress provide her with the busiest six months she has faced since coming to the silversheet.

ON THE COVER

Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer posed for their first natural color photos for the cover of this issue of HOLLYWOOD. Miss Hepburn (see page 66) believes natural color will soon be the accepted thing in films, supplanting present films just as talkies supplanted the silents. Each month Edwin Bower Hesser snaps a special pose for HOLLYWOOD Magazine covers in natural colors

America's loveliest heads are "Duart Waved"

Demand this sealed package of pads for a genuine Duart wave



This SEALED package protects your hair from danger of re-used permanent wave pads.

No other wave gives you Duart's protection and lasting natural beauty.

Today, more than ninety Hollywood beauty salons use the Duart method to create the beautiful waves worn by their famous screen-star patrons. The assurance of a soft, lovely wave of natural beauty and the positive protection against re-used pads, have made Duart the undisputed choice of the Hollywood stars.

Many a star would tell you that until she had a Duart wave she didn't know her hair could lend such radiance and charm to her personality.

You, too, will be thrilled with the new loveliness this wave will bring you. Why not call your beauty operator now and arrange the appointment for your Duart wave! Remember, the SEALED package of pads is your guarantee of fresh, genuine Duart materials. Look for it!



OLIVIA DE HAVILAND
New Warner Bros. Star
with JOE E. BROWN in
"ALIBI IKE"



Send Coupon for Free Booklet of Hollywood stars' hair styles

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing exactly how their hair is dressed. Hollywood's most noted hair stylist, PERC WESTMORE of Warner Bros.' Studios, designed this entire series of smart stars' coiffures exclusively for Duart. Take this twenty-four page booklet to your hairdresser and have her help you select the "star style" best suited to your type. Booklet sent FREE with one 10-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. Select from

twelve shades listed in coupon below. NOT a dye nor a bleach. Just enough tint to give the hair sparkle. Use coupon.

DUART permanent waves

Duart, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Enclosed find 10 cents; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde |

CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

No takers



MEN say of her, "Good looking. Good company. Nice Girl. But please excuse me."

Why?

There is just one reason. She's careless about herself! She has never learned that soap and water cannot protect her from that ugly odor of underarm perspiration which makes people avoid her.

She has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time — before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get into the habit — it pays socially. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!



HEARTBEATS—AND SKIPS



Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall . . . their posing together seems significant to filmland observers



Romance rumors encircle Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor. Photo shows them at Louis B. Mayer's party



PITTER PATTER

If you think Mamma Donohue entirely halted son Wooly's pit-a-patting for his ex-fiancee, Wendy Barrie, you should have glimpsed the gorgeous floral offerings bearing the Woolworth heir's cards that filled Wendy's Hollywood hospital room while she and her tonsils parted company.

• •

Unless there is a sudden chilling of ardor, romantic Pinky Tomlin will soon drag June Marlow, erstwhile screen ingenue and now a Hollywood night club warbler, off to the parson. The song-writing actor pens a new song daily that is intended only for the ears of la Marlow.

• •

The spat that interrupted the Sylvia Sidney-Norman Krasna affair has been entirely forgotten since Sylvia's return from her vacation in New York, and you can again see them whispering sweet words to each other almost any night in one of the spots where the crowds gather.



BLESSED EVENTS

Because Norma Shearer will not return to the studio until long after the arrival of her new heir, Metro is arranging for the re-release of *Smilin' Through* just to appease Norma's fans.

• •

Molly O'Day, now Mrs. Jack Durand, will be "Mamma" before the ink is dry on this line.



BUSTED EVENTS

Seeking to divorce Joseph George Wright via the Los Angeles courts, Tanya (Sugar) Geise swore to a complaint that the wealthy broker was of a jealous disposition and that he threatened to mar her beauty. So Wright retaliated by suing Sugar's parents for \$50,000, charging they had alienated her affections.

• •

Lila Lee is establishing residence in Reno, where she will seek her freedom from Jack R. Peine, wealthy brother of Virginia Pine, Georgie Raft's fiancee. They were wed in Harrison, N. Y., December 5, 1934, and parted a week later.



BELL RINGERS

Julanne Johnstone, who rated stellar billing in the silent celluloids, is honeymooning in Bermuda with David Rust, scion of a wealthy Detroit family.

• •

Iris Adrian, the Hollywood-born dancer who finally crashed studio gates via Ziegfeld *Follies* and the footlights of Paris, is the bride of Charles Henry Over, Jr., scion of Libby, McNeil and Libby canning millions, and former husband of Betty Boyd.

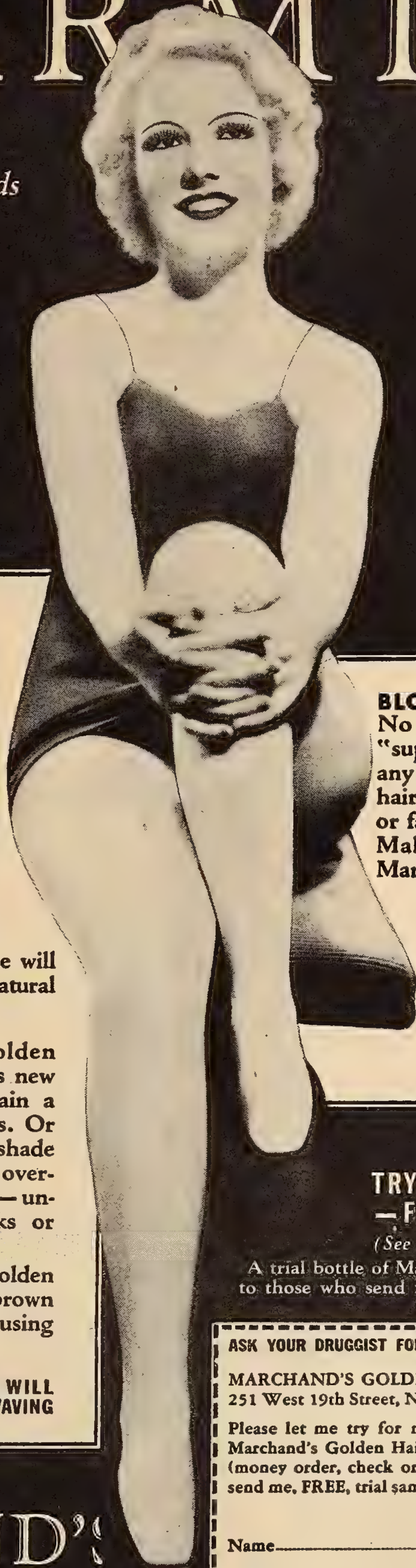
• •

Dorothy Granger and George Lollier, assistant director and *stand-in* for Richard Dix, kept their marriage a secret for eleven months.

HOLLYWOOD

CHARMING

Sunny Golden Hair!
Compliments from my friends



Lustrous golden hair softens and flatters your head and face — gives that fresh, bright clean look so admired by friends. Whether blonde or brunette, use your hair to bring out all the natural beauty and charm you possess. Rinsing with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will make your hair the most important, most fascinating part of your attractiveness.

BLONDES — is your hair darkened, faded or streaked? Marchand's Golden Hair Wash used as a rinse will restore its former lightness and natural sunny golden hues.

BRUNETTES — let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash give your hair glorious new life. Rinse your dull hair and gain a sparkling sheen of tiny highlights. Or lighten it to any natural blonde shade desired. (You can do this almost overnight if you wish. Or gradually — unnoticed — over a period of weeks or months.)

Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package at any drugstore. Start using it today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING

BLONDES and BRUNETTES

No longer any need to risk "superfluous" hair removal of any sort. Blend "superfluous" hair (whether on your legs, arms or face) with your skin coloring. Make it unnoticeable with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Only with Marchand's can you retain as Nature intends, the attractive softening effect of scarcely noticeable hair. Start using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash today.

TRY A BOTTLE — FREE!

(See coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo — **FREE** — to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents in stamps (money order, check or coins accepted) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, **FREE**, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... F.P. 835

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH



Setting for Grace Moore's rendition of "Finiculi, Finicula" in *Love Me Forever*, soon to be released. On the left is Joe August, cameraman, and Victor Schertzinger, director. On the right, Michael Bartlett, Leo Carrillo and Miss Moore. The scene is the Cafe Marguerita and marks one of the high spots of the picture

PREVIEWING THE NEW PICTURES

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY
(M-G-M) Based on a famous court martial taken from the time-worn pages of the British Admiralty's records, *Mutiny on the Bounty* promises to be one of the most colorful sea stories ever to reach the screen. Director Frank Lloyd is recapturing the whole spirit of those rebellious days aboard the *Bounty*, when human lives were ruthlessly periled by the heartless Captain Bligh.

The story follows much the same course as the book. With a cast of more than fifty feature players, including Clark Gable as the leader of the mutineers, Charles Laughton as the tyrannical Captain Bligh, and Franchot Tone as the lexicographer, Director Lloyd is weaving the amazing plots and counterplots into a historically correct saga of the South Seas.

The principal scene of operations was at the Isthmus of Catalina Island, where a production group of more than 100 persons was housed for several weeks. Six boats, complete with crews, were required for the company. The "M-G-M Fleet" comprised three speedy water taxis, a tug, and the two square-riggers, *The Bounty* and *The Pandora*.

Standing on the *Bounty's*

deck, many miles off Santa Catalina, visitors become lost in the color and costume of old England as it was 150 years ago. The exactness of costume and dress give the impression that it was only yesterday when those shouting, blustering mutineers hoisted sail and merged into the

darkness of a calm tropical night. It is hard to believe that this *Bounty* is a 1935 film studio creation rather than the boat that left Spithead Harbor, England, in 1787.

Every detail of the ship is an exact duplicate of the original *Bounty*, from the old-fashioned hardware to the topmost rigging. All of the costumes are essentially the same as those worn by the original crew. Laughton's is exact in every respect, due to a chance observation of his own.

On a jaunt through London not long ago, Laughton noticed the name "Grieves—Tailors" on a signboard. He recalled having read of it in connection with Bligh, the character he was to portray. Entering the shop, he humorously inquired as to the possibilities of reproducing Captain Bligh's original clothes. The unsmiling clerk, upon learning that the uniform dated back almost 150 years, disappeared only to return a short time later with a complete description of the original. The patterns revealed where every button and stitch appeared.

To shoot the complete film many trips were required. One group went across the Pacific to Tahiti where



Charles Laughton finds a perfect role playing the part of the merciless Captain Bligh in *Mutiny On the Bounty*. Photo shows him aboard the *Mutiny* at sea off Catalina Island, giving his first blunt orders to the crew

background shots were taken in native atmosphere. Other scenes were made in various Southern California spots.

After weeks of waiting to film the sinking of the Pandora—the ship sent from London to round up the mutineers—Lloyd's vigilance was rewarded by a terrific squall miles off the San Francisco coastline. The filming of that wild storm will go down as one of the unsung feats of motion picture production.

Laughton brings to the screen the same brutal determination of the Javert rôle in *Les Misérables*. Gable, as Christian, recaptures that elusive picture which somehow has escaped every chronicler of this great story. Franchot Tone's rôle certainly will lift him higher up the ladder of fame. A dozen others in the large cast have done commendable work in making this gigantic production among the finest of the year.

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1935 (Paramount) In a mythical kingdom somewhere east of nowhere are laid the scenes of *The Big Broadcast of 1935*. There amidst dancing girls, gay youths, flowers, and fountains caper two beauties, Wendy Barrie, and Lyda Roberti; and two men, Henry Wadsworth, and Jack Oakie.

When you view these scenes on the screen, you will immediately wonder if such a beautiful island kingdom really exists. The answer is yes. Of course it isn't on the map, and you couldn't find it by sailing the seven seas, but if you wander around on the Paramount lot, you might stumble right into it.

The entire island was constructed on a sound stage, and during the filming Norman Taurog, the director, sits atop a giant crane, known as a boom camera, traveling up and down the stage megaphoning scene after scene that will thrill you. He averages about ten miles a day, and walking just below the boom is LeRoy Prinz, ace dance director, shouting and gesturing to the gaily attired dancers.

The story concerns two boys conducting a broadcast using talent from all parts of the world by means of television. Bing Crosby sings several numbers including the popular, *I Wished on the Moon*. The lyrics for this song, were written by Dorothy Parker, and the music was composed by Ralph Rainger.

Burns and Allen go mad as talent from everywhere springs before their eyes. Singers, dancers, and comedians flood the air waves.

Mr. Taurog prays the *Big Broadcast of 1935* will be a success. He does that upon the completion of every picture, and he has directed such creditable accomplishments as: *Skippy*, *Sooky*, *We're Not Dressing*, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and *College Rhythm*.

Henry Wadsworth is a newcomer, and quoting Mr. Taurog, he is, "a young man with a very fascinating personality." You remember Lyda Roberti, in *College Rhythm*. Wendy Barrie was last seen in, *It's a Small World* with Spencer Tracy.

Hard luck struck the cast. When half way through the picture the four principals were taken to various hospitals to be operated on. Lyda Roberti, who was the first, had her tonsils removed. Oakie, not to be outdone, also had a dish of the same. The rest of the cast fell into line.

A gag a day was the motto of the crew. Everything happened from ducking Burns and Allen in a pool, to presenting Jack Oakie with a shaving mug for his mustache.

[Continued on page 56]

AUGUST, 1935



"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavor. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother—lemme try a mouthful of that!"



"Say, this is swell—a nice long, hard bone in it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No—you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off—it's mine!"



"Oh, take it, cry-baby! This woolly stuff's making you cross . . . you need Johnson's Baby Powder to soothe away the prickles. It's so soft, it makes any baby good-natured—even you!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . when I'm on guard, skin irritations don't have a chance to get started! I 'slip' like satin, for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No zinc stearate—and no orris-root. And does your baby have Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream? He should!"



Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

NOW I CAN WEAR
THE SMARTEST SHOES WITH
PERFECT EASE!



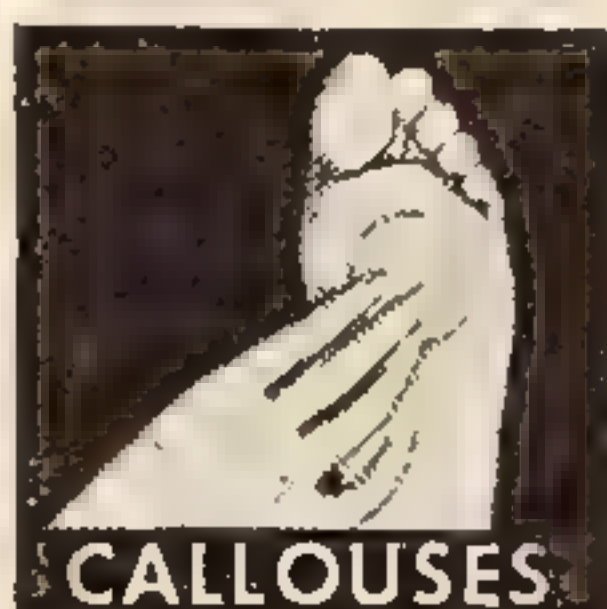
SAFE, INSTANT RELIEF CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

You'll be foot-happy from the moment you start using Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The soothing, healing medication in them stops pain of corns, callouses, bunions and tender toes instantly. They shield the sore spot from shoe friction and pressure; make new or tight shoes easy on your feet; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters; quiet irritated nerves.

Removes Corns, Callouses

To quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks now included in every box. Otherwise use the pads only to take off shoe pressure. Get this famous double-acting treatment today at your drug, shoe or department store.

STANDARD WHITE, now 25¢
New DE LUXE flesh color 35¢



**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Lovely Curls



can QUICKLY be
Yours with the
"Curlers Used
by the Stars"

AT 5c and 10c
Stores and
Notion
Counters

5¢ each



Easily, quickly, in your own home, you can have the soft, alluring curls of the screen's loveliest stars. HOLLYWOOD Rapid-Dry CURLERS fit snugly, are comfortable to wear... yet give maximum curling surface. Patented rubber lock holds hair secure. Perforations aid swift drying. Results: better curls in half the time. Tapered and regular models are offered in various sizes. More than 25 million Hollywood Curlers in use today!

**HOLLYWOOD
Rapid Dry CURLER**

PETS

and

HOBBIES



"Lord Nagrag," William Gargan's pride

Editor's Note:

When we went in search of information about Flush we could find no better source than Fritz Bache, the kindly German dog trainer who is solely responsible for the spaniel's excellent behavior. Mr. Bache's decided to write the story himself—so here it is in his own words.

The Story of Flush

Flush is now three and a half years old; he was born October 7, 1931. He is a native of the film city—Hollywood. He was selected to take a part in the picture, *Age Of Indiscretion*. Flush did never care for children, very much, but after a short time he made up with David pretty good.

His original name was "Topside." In his first picture, where he got his start as a professional actor, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* he was called Flush, how everybody still is calling him today. Flush felt disgusted, when he heard, that in *The Age of Indiscretion* he had to change his name again for a common sense name like Skippy.

The picture, *Barretts of Wimpole Street*, did exactly fit to Flush's disposition; not quite as well was his last picture, *The Age Of Indiscretion*, where he should be happy and contented with the little boy. As Flush is very timid, that job was a kind of hard for his trainer. You can easy make an idea how scared little Flush is, when I tell that each time while they change the set-up, I had to take the dog outside on account of the noise, which made him too nervous. Otherwise Flush felt quite at home at the set, and he realizes right away what they wanted him to do. There is one extra good thing about Flush: he will never look back to his trainer while playing a scene, but he gets restless right away when he sees his trainer leave the set. He is almost more devoted to his trainer than to his owner. While Flush is working at a picture he has a life like a little star. He gets the best of care, sleeps in



Fritz Bache, noted dog trainer (above), poses with "Flush," about whom he writes . . . both are bashful. Left, Buck, the St. Bernard, took a liking to Loretta Young in "Call of the Wild"



They call this little fellow "Tailspin Tommy." He is the favorite of Billy Seward (above), and the mascot of the "Air Fury" cast at the Columbia studios

his little basket with a soft cushion in it, gets his bath twice weekly, and the best meat you can buy.

In the picture, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, I always had to coax Flush with imported Swiss cheese, and everybody was wondering about that funny taste of a dog. In his latest picture Flush seemed to wonder himself about that too. He absolutely denied cheese and cared for fried liver or fried beef.

Flush was handled and trained in both pictures by me. I am manager and trainer of The Hollywood Dog Training School.

Flush's big star salary in the *Barretts of Wimpole Street* was fifty dollars a week, which carried on for four months. In the *Age of Indiscretion* he got a little raise of twenty-five dollars, which brought a total of seventy-five dollars per week for six weeks. Flush says on his next picture he would not work under one hundred and fifty a week.

Flush surely had some hard times in his last picture, when they were taking some snow scenes up at Lake Tahoe, with the snow three and five feet high. The new fallen snow was so soft, that I really had to look for my little companion, which almost disappeared in the fresh snow. After finishing his scenes up there in the snow, the studio all of a sudden needed Flush in Hollywood. After thirty-six hours ride on the train, we arrived in Glendale at eight-thirty in the morning, and at ten-thirty the same morning Flush did already his first shots down in the studio. —FRITZ BACHE.

• • •

Buck Hates the Wind

The noise from the wind machine howled in his ears. Buck tried to bury his head in the soft snow, but a word from his trainer brought it up sharply. He fretted a little, and still holding his head high turned his large, human eyes toward his trainer in mute appeal.

It had been a tough day. There was the biting cold, the heavy harness, and that infernal wind machine that didn't realize a dog's ears are eight times as sensitive as a human's. Buck pawed the ground and earned another rebuke from his trainer. Even dogs get nervous.

Suddenly a hand reached up and stroked him. It was that quiet fellow again, the one who laid beside him every time they turned that dreadful machine on. Buck wanted to bolt, but there was that hand stroking him gently, knowingly. It quieted him. The machine seemed farther off . . . The fellow was talking to him now, speaking into his ear with intensity. Tears were in his eyes, his arm was bandaged. Buck turned his eyes once more towards his trainer, this time his appeal was not for himself, but for the object lying beside him.

Somebody shouted, "Swell!—cut!" The wind machine died down. Buck's trainer started towards him, and the fellow on the ground arose and patted Buck's head. Buck rubbed his large body once or twice against the fellow's legs, and together the two artists walked towards the warmth of the cabin.

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOS

are the latest sensation in the magazine field. You will find them every month on HOLLYWOOD covers, and inside are pages of exciting news about the stars. Watch your news stand for the next issue of

HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE
NOW 5 CENTS



"That's a mean crack. Why don't you be nice and tell Lucy how to get rid of tattle-tale gray?"

"How would I know? I've never kept house. You tell me and I'll tell her."

"All right, listen . . ."



"Lucy's trouble is left-over dirt—her clothes are only half clean. So tell her to change to Fels-Naptha right away. That grand golden soap is so chockful of naptha that dirt almost flies out. And I mean ALL OF IT, too!"



"I'll remember—anything else?"

"Sure! Tell Lucy to wash everything in that gorgeous trousseau of hers with Fels-Naptha Soap. It's gentle as can be to silk undies and stockings. And it's nice to hands, too."

© 1935, FELS & CO.

FEW WEEKS LATER . . .



"Look! I told Lucy what you said about Fels-Naptha—and now she won't keep house without it. It's a life-saver!"

"That's why I tell everybody . . ."

BANISH TATTLE-TALE GRAY
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

FREE FROM CORN AND PAIN



FROM THE RED CROSS
LABORATORIES

NEW CORN PLASTER FITS THE TOE

• The best way to convince yourself that this is a *Better Corn Plaster* is to try it on a troublesome corn. Here's how it differs from the old-style kind. Professional design, with slip-proof tabs. Holds fast to toe, very inconspicuous. The new patented Drybak covering makes it immune to water. Doesn't stick to stocking. The individual medicated centers are safer, and unexcelled for removing hard corns.

Send 10c for a trial package—
write Dept. 603.

For professional foot treatment see a *Chiroprapist*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



BOX OF 12
25¢

**RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER**

(Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters)

OUR READERS WRITE— *but write or wrong, our readers*



The scenic beauty of 1853 along the Erie Canal was recreated at Fox studios for "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Janet Gaynor and Henry Fonda are the flower pickers

PRIZES are awarded every month to the contributors to this department. There are two first prizes of ten dollars each to the writers of the two best letters which, if addressed to a player, will also bring you a personal answer from the individual star. These ten dollar letters are indicated on this page by four • • • •

The two next best letters win five dollars each and are marked • • • • Five more letters will bring our check for a dollar each and are indicated by • • Duplicate prizes are awarded in case of a tie and the editor of HOLLYWOOD will be the sole judge. The right is reserved to print all or any part of the letters received.

Have we heard from you? Address: Editor, Hollywood Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Skip From One Rogers

• • • • Dear Ginger Rogers.

I want you to know how much your acting is to the deaf boys and girls, so am going to write to you through the HOLLYWOOD Magazine. I am deaf. Cannot hear what you say but get more from your pictures as they are full of pep and action. I think you are so pretty and I read in the magazines about your success. I hope you continue to advance. You show by your success your fine character and I hope you continue to be as unspolied as today.

Someday I hope to see you and Shirley Temple dance together. I would love to have your picture. How I wish I could hear you, but can't so will be content just to see you.

Dorothy Sneath,
Indianapolis, Indiana
Care of Deaf School.

(Perhaps Miss Sneath and others afflicted with deafness some day will be able to

hear through scientific advancement. We all hope so.—The Editor.)

To Another—

• • • • My dear Will Rogers:

Gosh! Even that "Will" sounds like the country, the cracker-barrel and the crossroads. And do we, who have been ribbed and ridiculed as hay-foots and "Jakes" for all these years, love you and the way you turned the joke on the slickers and made them the saps with your rapier wit and down to the earth logic?

The home-townners and the farmers have lost all their inhibitions now, by cracky, and you're the "feller" that turned the trick! Not only that, but you've put some *good common sense* over as smart entertainment—made the public eat it up and LIKE it!

You've done more to advance Americanism than any other single force and boy! I'm not ashamed to wave the stars and stripes in one hand and my pitch fork in the other!

Let's see more of you, that's all I ask.

Barney Sollars,
R. F. D. 1, Box 404,
Sebastopol, Sonoma Co.,
California.

(Rural enthusiasts Barney Sollars will get his wish. He will see much more of Will Rogers in the future.—The Editor.)

How About It, Bing?

• • • • Dear Mr. Bing Crosby:

Why do you say you are from Tacoma, Washington, when we know darn well how you and Alton Rinker used to keep people from enjoying a cool summer evening on their front porches by playing the piano and singing anything from Old

HOLLYWOOD

Black Joe to The Star Spangled Banner every single blessed night? Little did we know when we would finally give up and go into our houses, slamming doors and shutting windows, that the noise we were trying to get away from would thrill us in later years.

But since we had to endure your practicing then and we all love the results now, please give us more, and while you're at it, remember good old Spokane.

Mrs. J. G. McLean,
Box 116, Bly, Oregon

(Reader McLean will enjoy Bing's story in this and the next issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine.—The Editor.)

Accent On Lukas

• • • Dear Mr. Paul Lukas:

Even now the memory of your splendid performance in *Little Women* is clear in my mind. A proof of your great ability but, my dear Mr. Lukas, I am sad and when I think how you've failed yourself as well as your fans with recent performances and too, too absurd interviews. Gentlemen don't kiss and tell, you know—!

To go back to your screen work. Your accent—so heavy as to make much of your dialogue incomprehensible as in *The Casino Murder Case* is aggravating to the audience to say the least. We both know that could be eliminated. Less flying around and Palm Springs vacations and more study for the career that is giving you a very excellent livelihood might help. Also, to return to the press interviews again, less talk of Europe and going back there to settle. It's your right and all that but we Americans are beginning to turn—just a little—understand? We don't give a hoot whether foreigners stay here or in your own country but we do want them at least spend American dollars in America.

If this letter sounds like too strong a "scold" don't be angry. I think you're big enough to take it and know what is said is for your good—and for the good of those who really like your picture work and who are patient with your shortcomings.

All good wishes.

Mrs. T. Rose,
Hotel Cordova,
San Francisco.

Wind Across The Prairies

• • • Dear Martha Sleeper:

Some time ago, I saw you in *West of the Pecos* and since then, I have been actually impatient to express my admiration and appreciation of your work. And I am glad that, through HOLLYWOOD Magazine, I have an opportunity to reach you. At least, an "opportunity."

I work in a theatre and see practically all of the best pictures. *West of the Pecos* was not inferior to any because of its "western" trend. Like the music of a wind across a prairie, it lived on the screen; harmonious in every way. It was the kind of story we (especially Texas-born people) have been taught to love, enjoy and rank with the best. When handled intelligently, these make wonderful pictures.

In this enjoyable film you were truly the high-light for me. I can only say you made a very difficult rôle memorable. You were not only equal to the rôle, but outstanding; and I hope desperately to see you again soon. In a rôle

[Continued on page 51]

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!



STOP
MAKING UP
IN PUBLIC
• • •

MEN DETEST
THE INTRUSIVE
POWDER PUFF

Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN
4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there was a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least

being that it *clings*! By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense*! So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (15)

LADY ESTHER
2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

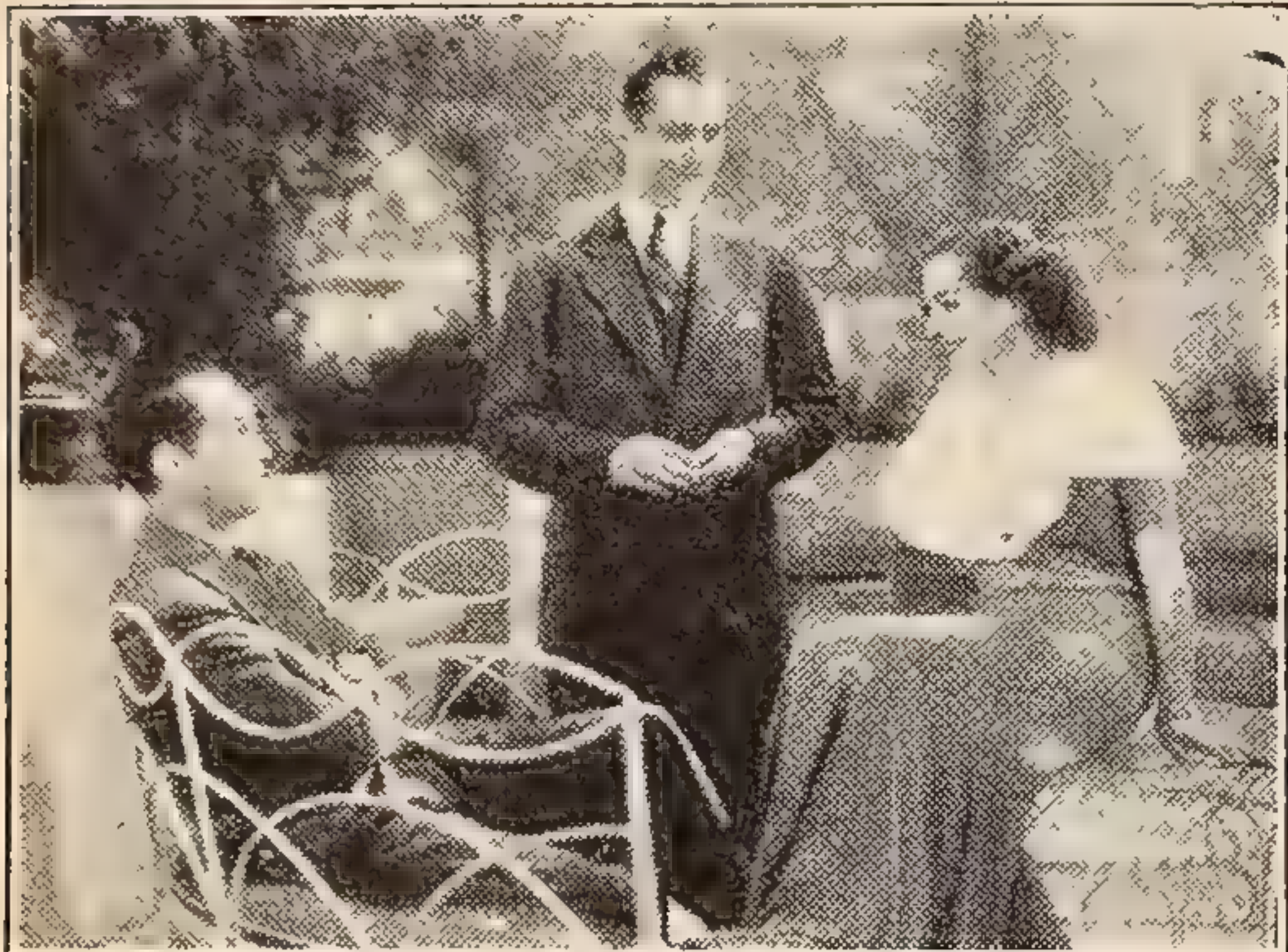
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

TOPPER'S Film Reviews

If "Topper" waves his hat, it's grand. Otherwise—!

Crawford, Montgomery, Tone in—



NO MORE LADIES—(M-G-M)—Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone join together in a triangle story of the usual Crawford type. The film emerges above average and is certain to please Joan's fans. Edna May Oliver dominates several hilarious scenes. You will giggle at Arthur Treacher, the English lord. Sparkling dialogue plus clever plot manipulation bring the picture to an ill-advised but quite expected solution. This should teach nice husbands never to tell fibs to their attractive wives. Fortunately the moral is thoroughly overwhelmed by hilarity and you'll enjoy the show. Treacher's English comedy rôle gets more laughs than the Charlie Ruggles' antics—though Charlie is excellent as usual.



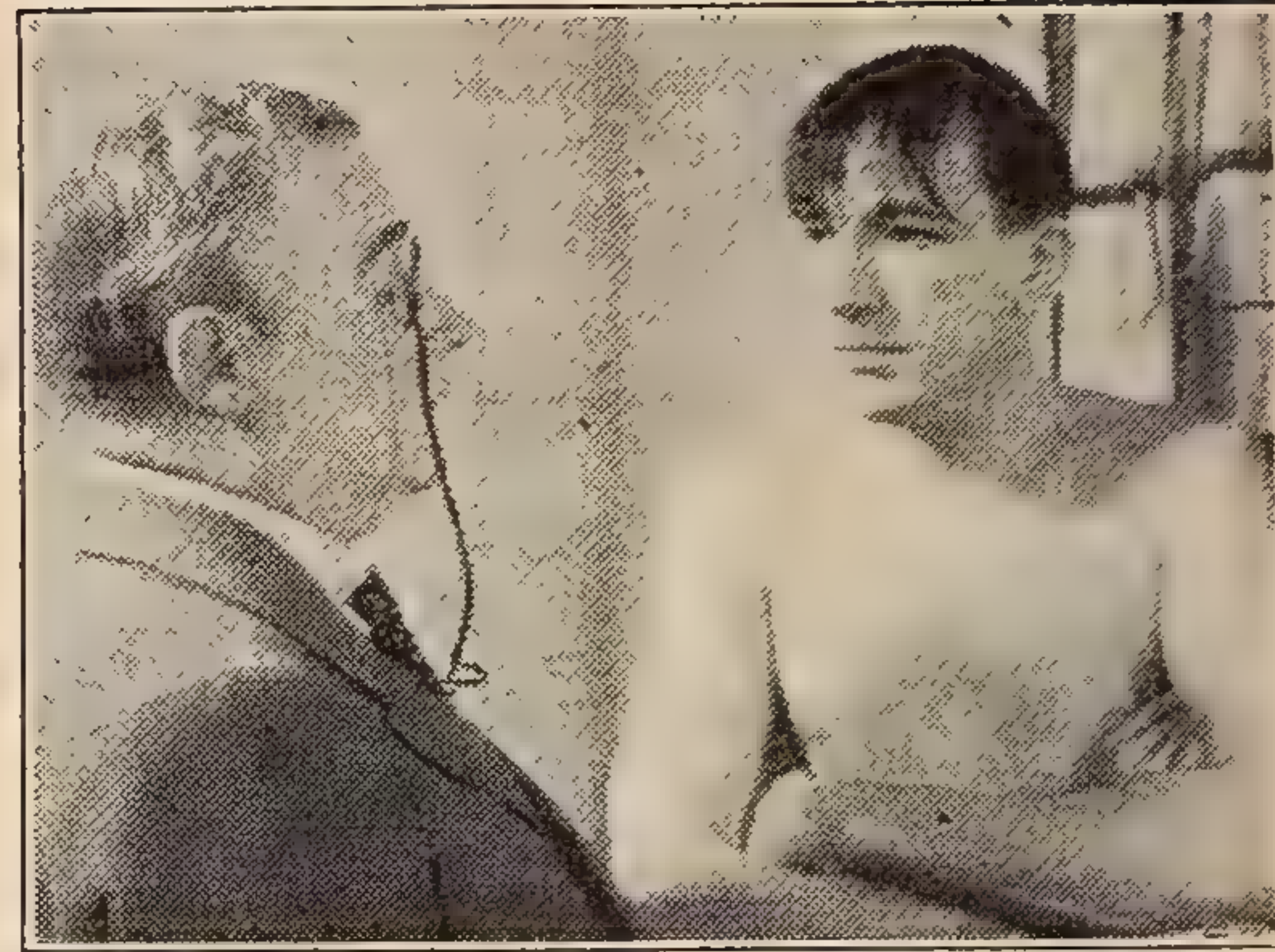
Barrymore, Morris, Kelly in—



PUBLIC HERO No. 1—(M-G-M)—Although just another version of the Dillinger cleanup by federal agents, this picture will click with audiences everywhere. Lionel Barrymore wins honors with his characterization of a broken-down doctor. Paul Kelly and Chester Morris are the federal men. The rôle of a Dillinger brings Joseph Calleia very much in prominence. Machine guns and purple gangs are everywhere, but the bad men are portrayed accurately as a bunch of heels who deserve no sympathy. Clever story manipulation sends all of the pity to Jean Arthur, who plays the rôle of the gangster's helpless sister. Very good entertainment. Chester Morris scores heavily in this picture.



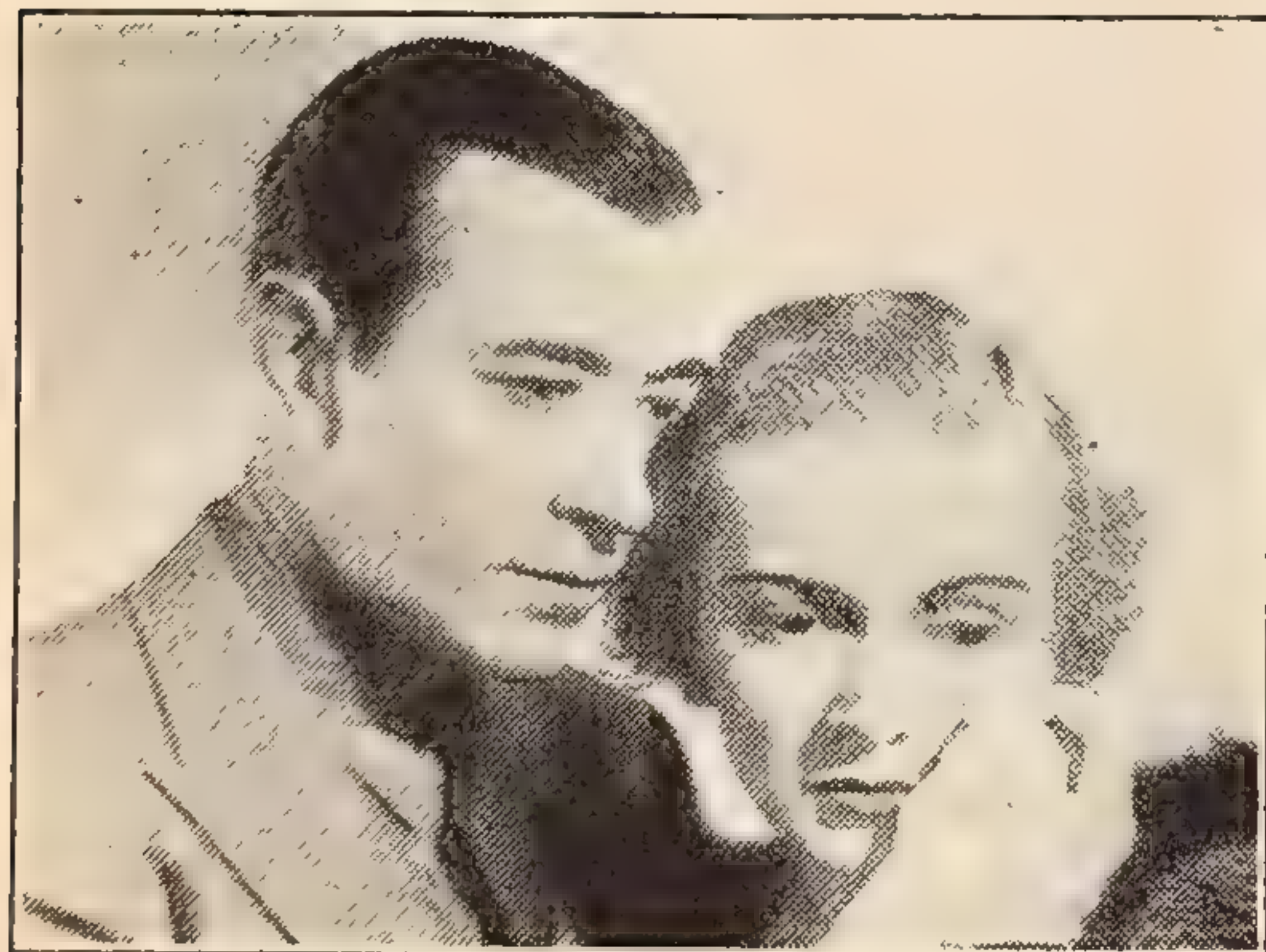
Coward, Haydon in—



THE SCOUNDREL—(Hecht-MacArthur)—In one of the finest films ever to reach the screen, Noel Coward and Julie Haydon overcome technical imperfections to attain new heights in screen acting. Coward, cast as the heartless and cynical publisher without a friend in the world, does a marvelous job. The psychological aspects of this film may prove puzzling to many, especially when they try to interpret his return from apparent death. Nevertheless, this is one picture that will be the talk of the town. Every member of the cast deserves a bouquet for a masterful performance. The independent production efforts of Mr. Hecht and Mr. MacArthur apparently cannot miss.



Raft, Arnold, Dodd in—



THE GLASS KEY—(Paramount)—Is a story of political intrigue and cleanup. George Raft and Edward Arnold turn in performances that make this picture appeal especially to the men. The story deals with the murder of a senator's son, with Arnold suspected. Raft, as Arnold's lieutenant, risks his life to exonerate his chief. Ensuing complications focus a lot of attention on Guinn Williams, who is one of the most savage screen villains seen in a long time. Frank Tuttle's direction is good.



All in all, the picture should go a long way toward restoring Raft to his old popularity. Edward Arnold is thoroughly likeable. As an actor he is an excellent politician. The kiddies may like this one, too.

Hepburn, Boyer, Beal in—



BREAK OF HEARTS—(RKO)—Katharine Hepburn hits tops again in this story of a small town girl composer who marries a famous orchestra leader. Charles Boyer plays the musician's rôle with finesse, and will in all likelihood steal into the ladies' favor. The story, skilfully handled through a series of situations that might have become hackneyed, depicts the stormy married life of the couple, with its almost tragic ending. Forging his way to the front as the third party of the love triangle, John Beal scores a triumph. The orchestra numbers under the baton of Max Steiner will be lauded everywhere. Mr. Steiner, no part of the picture, must be contented with the echoes of applause. (See this month's front cover.)



Baxter, Gallian in—



UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—(Fox)—Is an excellent Warner Baxter film reminiscent of his biggest success, *In Old Arizona*. With the Argentine Pampas as a background, Baxter plays the swaggering gaucho who goes in search of a stolen horse and proceeds to fall in love with Ketti Gallian, a French singer who has dropped in unexpectedly by airplane. Outstanding for her comedy performance is Soledad Jimenez. Her portrayal of the gaucho's mother will keep the audience roaring. Baxter will ride, love, and sing his way into the hearts of all picture goers. John Miljan clicks with his villainy. All in all, you will find this a very entertaining picture.



[Continued on page 56]

HOLLYWOOD

NEWS-PHOTO SCOOP OF THE MONTH!



A Stolen Snapshot of Garbo and Freddie March

● Persistent rumors in Hollywood that Garbo and Fredric March were at sixes and sevens with each other during the production of "Anna Karenina" seem to be completely disproved by this candid camera shot—the first ever taken—behind the locked doors of the Garbo set.

Here Garbo is laughing gaily with March as he takes her in his arms for a rehearsal of a ballroom dancing scene. Behind March stands dance director Chester Hale, expert on mazurkas. Note that all the other players carefully refrain from looking at Garbo, who detests curious stares.

Garbo recently visited a night club (Cafe Trocadero) where she enjoyed herself hugely but ran from camera-men. Following her vacation in Sweden she returns to make at least two more M-G-M pictures for a half million dollars, not one penny of which will be spent foolishly.

Charlie Rhodes, Hollywood's

Candid cameraman, in the rôle of EYE-WITNESS



I caught Nancy Carroll banking a new game called Carlo. Standing are Paul Cavanagh, Walter Johnson, Binnie Barnes, Jack LaRue, Monte Blue, Donald Cook and Benita Hume; Seated: Raquel Torres, Dorothy Libaire, Mona Rica.



Fred Astaire's music, with Irving Berlin at the piano, wasn't as bad as his expression indicates. Got this between scenes of "Top Hat" at RKO studios



I spent a day playing my rôle of a Hollywood cameraman for "Broadway Joe" at Warners, (pay check \$10) and sneaked this of Patricia Ellis and Joe E. Brown



It's just a gag, this one. Jack (Jello) Benny, Alice Faye, Jack Haley, George Burns and Gracie Allen at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel toast their sponsors



All the stars went to see the stage comedy, "Three Men on a Horse," which Warners will later film. Here's Sandra Cooper, Gary Cooper, Dolores Del Rio, Cedric Gibbons



Still pals—and my camera proves it. Mae West with James Timoney (NOT one of her husbands) in their regular seats at the Olympic boxing matches

ORCHIDS and ONIONS for AUGUST

To Jack Oakie, an orchid for putting heart into humor in *Call of the Wild*; for climbing on the wagon and staying there; for his devotion to his mother; for his popularity

• • •

To Virginia Bruce, an orchid for a valiant heart; for her pride in her daughter and John Gilbert; for dignity, poise and charm through trying situations; for her steady climb toward stardom



To Connie Bennett, an onion for that brawl over a back fence with her neighbors; for permitting the public to view an unattractive triangle; for failing to realize that temperamental tantrums are passé in Hollywood

• • •

To Mary Astor, an onion for spoiling her comeback with bad publicity over her recent divorce; for failing to take the press into her confidence and defend herself; for being a reckless beauty

The Command Story



Joan Crawford and Gail Patrick as they appeared in "No More Ladies"

What is JOAN CRAWFORD Really Like?

JOAN CRAWFORD has been in Hollywood for almost ten years. In that time she has shown a growth that is amazing in its proportions. There are more new things happening to her every moment that she lives, than the season's newest ingénue. Joan herself has created an exciting, interesting world to live in.

Many people have written stories on the "real Joan Crawford." No doubt they represented the real Joan at the time the stories were written. But Joan changes—imperceptibly, perhaps, yet constantly. Recently, letters have been pouring in from her fans, demanding to know even more about her. When they see her on the screen, they are conscious of her continuous improvement. When they hear the rich tones of her voice, and feel the warmth of her personality, they are curious to know what the Joan of today is really like. They wonder what things are happening to her, in just what way her life is touched to produce such evident effects.

My friendship with Joan started six years ago, when she befriended me at the M-G-M studio. I was new at the job and it was Joan's kindly interest that enabled me to hold on. Since that time I have never known a day when

Kindly, friendly, and human, Joan has helped many people whom she scarcely knew. Why? This story gives an answer to our readers, who demanded one

by JERRY ASHER

Joan wasn't trying to help someone. How she helped Gail Patrick is a story that should be told.

Not so long ago I began my friendship with Gail Patrick, the lovely Alabama beauty, now under contract to the Paramount studios. Our mutual admiration for Joan Crawford was an immediate bond. Gail's one ambition was to be able to wear clothes like Joan, to pose as Joan did in her still pictures and above everything else, to acquire Joan's great kindly warmth on the screen. Gail confided that she bought all the movie magazines, just to

see Joan's pictures. Sometimes in the privacy of her own room, she even attempted to pose like Joan, before her own mirror.

● HAVING DINNER at Joan's house one night, I told her this story. Joan was quite touched. Having herself gone through a period of readjustment, she knew what it meant to need poise and confidence on the screen. Several days later came a call from Joan. She was having a portrait and fashion sitting with George Hurrell. Would Gail Patrick care to come out and spend the afternoon?

Gail was just getting in her car to drive to San Francisco, when I called her. Instead she headed for the M-G-M studios in Culver City. Joan didn't wait for an introduction. She walked up to Gail, greeted her in that rich tone of hers and extended a hearty handclasp. All afternoon Gail watched Joan at work and took mental notes. When she asked Joan questions about makeup, Joan made a list of suggestions that contained some of Joan's own personal make-up hits.

Recently Joan Crawford started work on *No More Ladies*. There was a good part in the picture for a girl who must look [Continued on page 61]

HARRY CARR'S Shooting Script



Clifton Webb, noted stage star, is the latest addition to Hollywood film ranks. Webb is to co-star with Joan Crawford in "Elegance" following his sensational performance in the stage version of "As Thousands Cheer"

MY OLD friend Frances Marion gave me a dinner party the other night; and I believe it was the most dazzling collection of brains I have ever contacted.

The guests were Jed Harris, the producer of *Front Page*, Marc Connolly, author of *Green Pastures*, Dorothy Parker who is probably the most famous wit in the world and Anita Loos, author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

I feel that I should never go to another Hollywood party but should dedicate myself to the memory of this one. I never again expect to hear such dinner table conversation—which ran from ethnological race swirls to imitations, of Sam Goldwyn's scenario conferences.

It interested me very much to see how essentially kind they all were; how much sweet reasonableness they possessed and how they were clean of envy and spite.

Dorothy Tones Down

Dorothy Parker has stopped wise cracking and has very little to say. The truth is that she is a very kind and charitable girl—in spite of the fact that she has almost destroyed people with her brilliant tongue. You never hear of the kind and sympathetic things she has done.

Some one told at this dinner of an old star who has been blind for some time but is trying to conceal the fact and it was to Dorothy Parker's eyes that the tears came.

One of Dorothy's remarks will never be lived down by Katharine Hepburn of whom Miss Parker said: "In her acting she runs the gamut of human emotions from A to B."

Frances Moves

Following a terrible automobile accident, her physicians ordered Frances Marion to remain in absolute quiet—which she did by tearing her house to pieces and building it up again.

For an architect Frances had Adrian, the dress designer; and he accom-



Joan Crawford gets a chance to show her new coiffure in "No More Ladies," her latest production with Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone

plished one of the most charming effects I have ever seen in any Hollywood house; its keynote is quietude. It is like a well-dressed woman; you know she is well dressed but you do not notice her clothes.

Mr. Lederer and Peace

The case of Francis Lederer and the peace movement makes me think of an incident on the old Mack Sennett lot.

Two colored gents were working as extras in a lion scene; they were to lie in bed, apparently asleep, when a



Dorothy Parker, noted author, and her husband, Alan Campbell, snapped at one of the many parties given in their honor by film celebrities

tame lion came in and woke them by licking their feet. By mistake some one let out the wrong lion—a vicious brute who came in with an earthshaking roar. When they finally got him back in the cage one of the colored men started to walk off the set; they told him it was just a little mistake; but he rolled his eyes and said balefully, "No sir, Boss. I ain't no actor. I'm a chef and I am going home and start cheffing."

If Mr. Lederer is an actor he had better let world peace alone and start acting. He is getting nowhere fast with his screen career.

B and D

It is no longer important in Hollywood to be beautiful; but it pays to be dumb . . . at least not too bright.

I could name a dozen careers that were snapped off by wise cracks. They travel around Hollywood—the wise cracks—like wild fire and they always get back to the producers who don't say anything at the time; but they have good memories.

The most notable instance is that of Mrs. Pat Campbell who came to Hollywood just at the moment when Louise Dresser had started all the studios on a still hunt for personable old ladies. She never got anywhere on account of her tongue.

A swell topic of conversation in Hollywood [Continued on page 52]

From the Paramount Picture "SHE LOVES ME NOT"

Featuring BING CROSBY

3

Love In Bloom

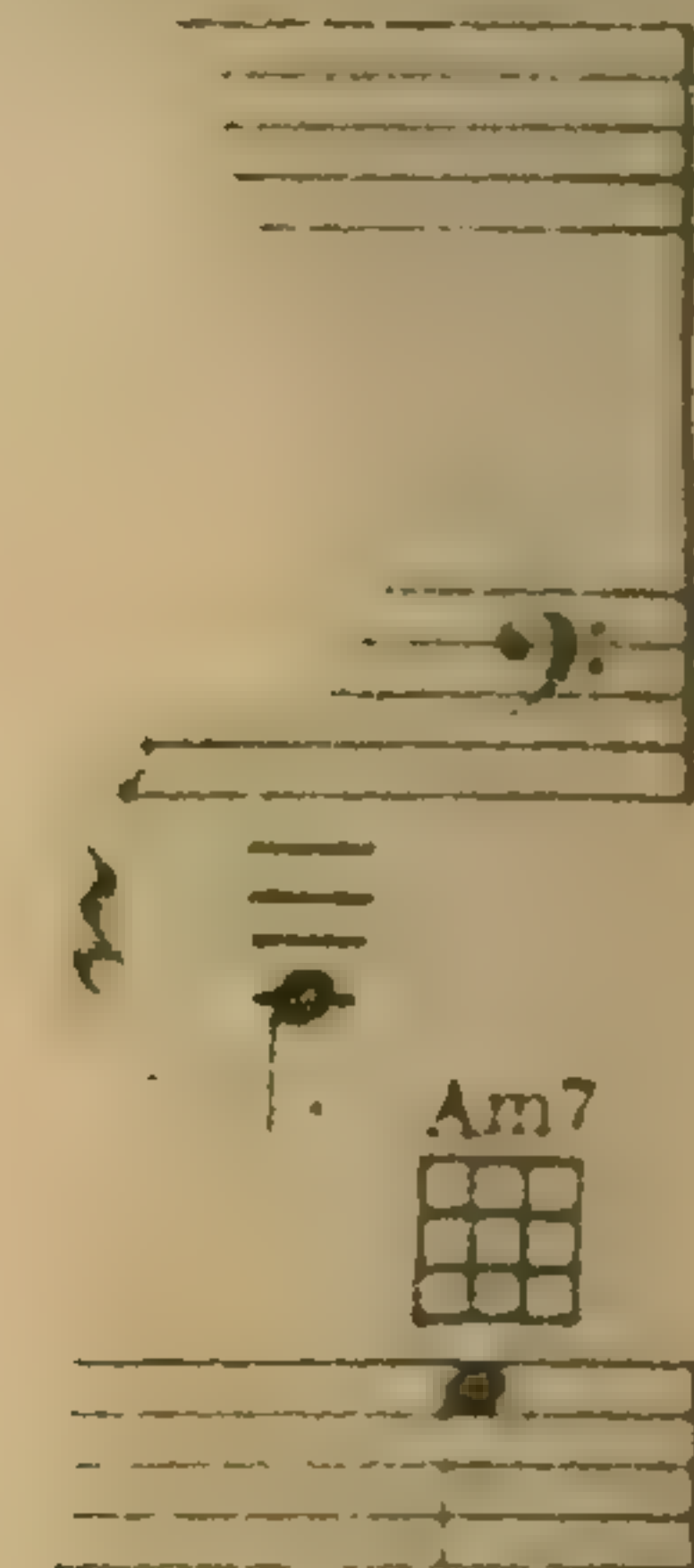
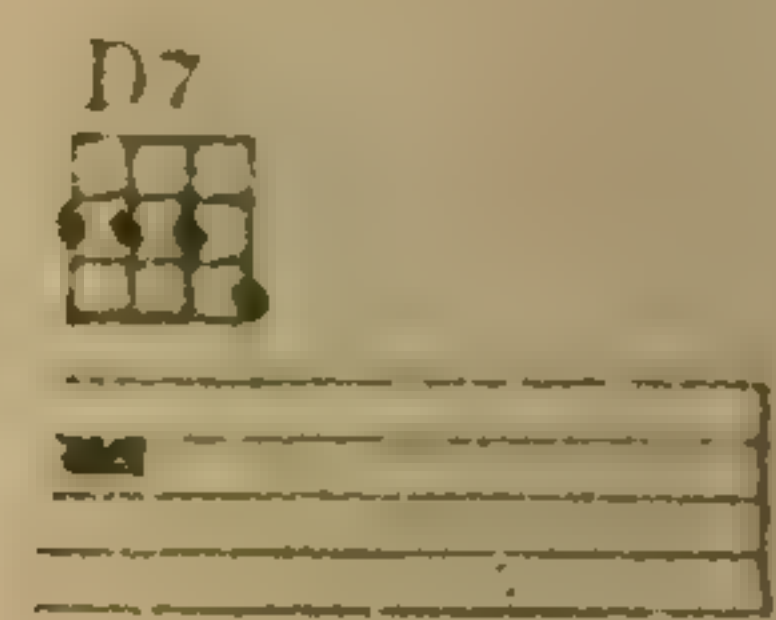
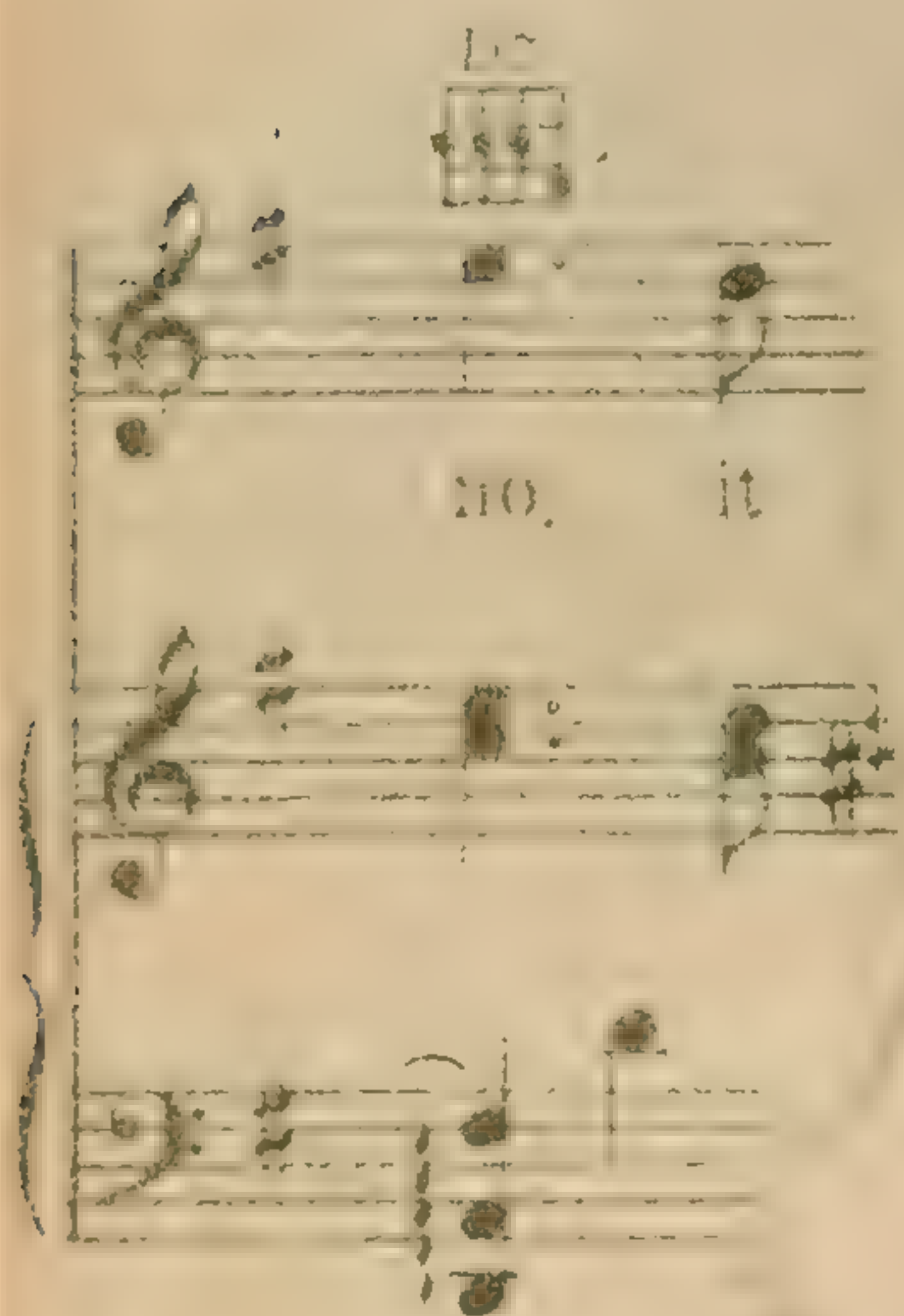
Words and Music by

LEO ROBIN and

AL HARRINGTON

Bing Crosby's

Can it be the trees that fill the breeze with rare and mag-ic per - fume? Oh



Words by William Ulman, Jr.

Song of Love

PIRATE SONG

*Fif-teen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum!
Drink, and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo! Ho! Ho and a bottle of rum!*

● IT WASN'T the good ship Lollypop in those days. It was the bad ship Black Heart, a four-masted vessel flying the skull and bones at her mast head and manned by as vicious a crew as ever struck terror to the hearts of peaceable shipping in the orchard of the Crosby family in Tacoma.

The crew of two were sitting on a dead man's chest, singing loud enough to be fifteen able-bodied pirates, while they swilled down large quantities of lemonade out of a milk bottle labeled "RHUM!" and decorated with a skull and bones. It was all very piratical until the dead man got tired of having his chest sat on by two older brothers and insisted on having some of the lemonade, too.

"Aw, shucks, Harry! You're dead; you can't drink rum when you're dead, can he, Ted?"

Brother Ted agreed with brother Ev despite younger brother Harry's disgust. After all, elder brothers have to stick together, don't they?

"Well, I'm tired of being dead. It's my turn to be Captain and Ev's turn to be the Spanish gallon and get killed."

"Gall-yon, dead man, gallYON! Gallons is what you drink after you've caught a galleon."

"Who drinks? Goshallhemlock! I'm always the one as gets caught and you two do all the drinking. . . . Now, lookahere! It's my turn to be captain and drink rum. I been dead three times in a row!"

● THE BAD ship Black Heart lay in wait behind a mulberry bush for the Spanish brigantine, heavily laden with Peruvian gold and Washington lemonade. The unwary victim sailed out from the lee of an apple tree and the action was joined. Captain Bloody Harry bawled an order which was gleefully taken up by his crew, Terrible Ted.

"Avast and belay! Ship ahoy! Heave to!"

"Never!" came the answer from the courageous Spanish shipmaster, "I'll die fighting! . . . Boom!"

Undaunted, the pirate ship pursued, "Fire when ready!" Ted banged as a good crew should. In the

excitement Bloody Harry left his quarter deck and manned a gun.

"Bing! Bing! . . . Bing-bing! . . . Bing!"

His brothers stopped in disgust. "Aw, shucks! You're no good as a pirate captain! Pirate captains don't go bing! They go boom! or bam!, but not bing. Bing's a sissy noise for a cannon!"

"It is not! They do so! Ask any pirate!"

And "Bing" it's been every since! Just ask him.

SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

*In the shade of the old apple tree
Where the love in your eyes I could see
When the voice that I heard,
Like the song of the bird,
Seemed to whis-per sweet music to me:*

● HARRY CROSBY, SR., was plunking on his guitar and staring dreamily off into nowhere, his back against the bole of an apple tree. It was a Saturday afternoon and he was home from the brewery where he worked as accountant. Somehow, it seemed fitting that he should wander idly through a few bars of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

Papa Crosby didn't get through many bars before a large apple fell squarely upon his head. It was not until he heard a tell-tale giggle from somewhere in the foliage overhead that he realized that someone or two of his brood were seeing by practical experiment if Newton and his gravitational discoveries were actuality or fable. Nor did he realize he was participating in what was to be forever afterwards the most precious legend in the Crosby family about young Bing.

Mr. Crosby never turned a hair or missed a beat. He continued to stare off into nothingness as though apples were always falling with a giggling sound and hitting him on the head.

He munched on the apple and at length called out, "Thanks, kid, that was swell!" before resuming his strumming.

Free of restraint now that they had been openly discovered, the two kids started to play around in the tree. At the end of the bough—where they always are—was an exceptional apple that both boys discerned simultaneously. It goes without saying that they both started for the apple with loud protestations of having seen it first. It was just another mad scramble until

Ev got Bing by the shoulder and gave him a push intended to convince that older brothers had priority in the matter of apples. They were both appalled by what happened. Bing's leg slipped, he lost his balance, clutched wildly at the limb, missed and fell to the ground.

Unless you've heard a bone crack you'd never understand the sound, so there's no use trying to describe it.

● THE GUITAR lay on the ground, gathering the evening dew. The apple tree was deserted.

In the house, the doctor had just left. Everett sat at the foot of the bed, looking pitifully penitent and trying to think of something to do to prove he was sorry. Naturally, he couldn't. He was a young boy—and they're always most inarticulate when they're most affected.

Dad sat at the side of the bed. He, too, was trying to act as if everything was really okay.

"How you doin', son?"

"Okay, Dad. . . . It kinda hurts a little where the splints are."

"Yeah. I s'pose it does."

"You were singing, 'In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree' just before it happened, weren't you, Dad?"

"Un-hunh."

With a mighty effort at light-heartedness the kid spoke up, "C'mon. Let's all sing it . . . hunh?"

"No. . . . Better get some sleep, son," said Dad as he headed for the door. "Come on with me, Ev."

Bing called his father back when he heard Ev clatter down the stairs.

"Say, Dad. . . ."

"Yes, son. . . .?"

"Say, I hope it didn't hurt you none when that apple hit you on the head."

"Shucks, no, old timer! Just an apple on the head doesn't bother you much when you got seven kids!"

Bing grinned feebly, "Thanks, Dad. . . . G'night."

"Good-night, Bing." Dad stumbled on the top step going down stairs. Somehow or other, he couldn't see so well just then.

Before you turn the page, read what our publisher thinks about this article on Bing Crosby's life.

*Here's a
Sweet Story
about a
boy & his
dad.
10.11.7*



At ten
and at
sixteen

SOME OF THESE DAYS

*Some of these days, you'll miss me,
honey,
Some of these days, you'll feel so lonely,
You'll miss my hug-ging, you'll miss my
kiss-ing
You'll miss me, hon-ey, when you're
away—*

● THE GUYS were all standing around back stage, at the Clemmer Theatre in Spokane, sneaking puffs on cigarettes and trying to act as if playing in a real, on-the-level theatre was just in the usual run-of-the-mill as far as they were concerned. But they didn't fool anybody, least of all themselves.

It was their first professional appearance.

When the band finished their introductory number, the theatre's master of ceremonies took the stage.

"I guess our local Spokane product can compete with any of these big time orchestras, what do you think?"

Polite applause answered him.

"Just what I thought! Well, I've heard some swell bands, but the kids here, stack up pretty well. . . . Now they're going to play, 'Some of These Days.' . . . Boys, GIVE!"

Bing was composure itself as he stepped down into that sacred circle of light—the bull's-eye of countless careers, but he took it calmly as his pre-ordained due. Not conceited—just confident. For years his mother had kept the whole family in every Sunday night. The whole nine of them had learned to sing during those long evenings, both to harmonize and to take a solo when it came. Bing subconsciously was grateful to those evenings in that split second before his cue came.

There was no question of how that audience accepted the song. Bing took

an encore and got almost as big a hand on it as he had on the first number. He didn't get the boost out of that you'd think, though. Instinctively he was already an old-timer.

But where he did the big lift was when he and Al started to leave after the show. At the stage door they passed the headliner on the bill, getting paid off before taking the rattler to the next stand. Bing's eyes popped at the sight of all that dough. He nudged Al

Rinker, "Hey, Al! Take a look!"

Al looked. Their eyes met and they walked from the theatre in a daze. Silently they turned in at the drug store on the corner and ordered a couple of cokes. Not until the straws gurgled in the bottom of the empty glasses did they speak.

"Say, Al," quoth Bing with a far-away look in his eyes, "I guess there must be money in this business at that."

"Yeah," answered Al, as he massaged his jaw in deep thought. "Reckon there's as much to be made practicing law?"

"Hunh-unh. . . . Do you?"

As one of the
Rhythm Boys



"Hunh-unh."

The Gonzaga College of Law lost two pupils that night.

MISSISSIPPI MUD

*When the sun goes down, the tide goes out,
The darkies gather 'round and
they all be-gin to shout
'Hey! Hey! Uncle Dud, It's a
treat to beat your feet
On the Mis-sis-sip-pi Mud
It's a treat to beat your feet on
the Mis-sis-sip-pi Mud—*

● ONE YEAR later Bing could have been seen on Cahuenga Pass, between Hollywood and Universal City. He, Al and a boy named Harry Barris were "The Three Rhythm Boys," working—as Paul Whiteman laughingly puts it himself—for him in his Universal Picture, *The King of Jazz*.

They were the town's pleasantest playboys, but they were real worried out there on the pass en route to the

act. Paul had been sore for some time. They'd been late quite a lot and he had them on the pan.

That day, of all days, it had to rain—and the car had to skid and get mired down in deep mud at the side of the road. The boys were perfectly sober, but what with the rain and all, they'd had a short drink at the apartment before setting out. It was an unlucky drink.

A pair of cruising cops came along, saw a car off the road and investigated. They smelled liquor. Prohibition and a local enforcement drive was on. The three boys were singers in the movies. The cops didn't like singers in the movies.

Bing finally got Paul Whiteman on the phone.

"Say, Paul. . . ."

"Yeah. Where the devil are you?"

"Well, look; you see it's like this—we got stuck in the mud and . . ."

"You're still trying to get out, hunh? Well, if you want to keep your jobs you better put on your boots and come a runnin'."

"No, Paul. That's just it. We're not still stuck. That is, not exactly. We're just sort of stuck, stuck down in Lincoln Heights' jail."

"In the can, eh? Well now, that's dandy! Suppose you just stay there awhile and ponder about mud and your jobs."

"Hey, Paul, wait a minute . . ." but the phone was dead.

That night an envelope arrived at jail addressed to the Three Rhythm Boys. They were real pleased. Good old Paul! He'd probably sent their bail.

They opened it. Inside was a sheet of music and a note.

"Dear Rhythm Boys:

Getting stuck in the mud was a swell idea. Now I know where you are. While you're there you might as well rehearse this number. It's going in the show. Let me know when you get out. Affectionate regards,

Paul."

[Continued on page 63]



Bing up-to-date

HOLLYWOOD



HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHTS

Maureen O'Sullivan Tells Her Marriage Plans

EVER SINCE they went to Ireland to introduce the prospective bridegroom to the bride's family, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow have been secretly married, in the opinion of Hollywood's brightest gossips. We had been warned that the star might refuse to discuss the subject, after the best Hollywood traditions in such matters, but Maureen, blue-eyed, slim, and Irish, isn't a believer in Hollywood tradition.

"We're going to be married just as soon as John can have his first marriage annulled," she told me. "We hope and expect that will be very soon. We're not married now—secretly or otherwise. I am a Catholic, you see, and because of John's first marriage, we will need a special dispensation. I don't want to be married outside the church."

"Until that is cleared up, we can't even announce our engagement formally. Probably," she added, "I will never have much of an engagement because we plan to be married just as soon as the annulment is procured."

"That," she said matter-of-factly, "is the truth—and I can't understand how people can work up such a mystery about it. Perhaps Hollywood refuses to believe that I can be so serious about my religion. Perhaps it's just that the idea of a secret marriage is much more interesting and spicy."

● **THOSE WHO** remember Maureen as a gay girl-about-town who dined and danced with Jimmy Dunn and other eligible young bachelors refuse to believe that she is serious now. She said herself, before her trip to Ireland, that she wanted to see John against the background of her home and family before making her final decision. Now she says:

"They all adore him. I have known him almost five years, and we have gone around together for the last two. If we're not sure now that we love each other, we never will be!"

"After marriage, I may not keep on with my career, but that depends on John. If he wants to live in Hollywood and work here, I may make an occasional picture. Marriage won't affect our lives terribly much because I believe in two people being fairly independent. Since John is a writer, he

will have to have his own wing of the house, for instance, and a good deal of freedom.

"But I do believe that it's impossible to do two things well. For this reason, after marrying, I would never follow the career of a motion picture actress very strenuously. It isn't," she said thoughtfully, "much fun. It's a tremendous adventure and you have everything in the world to make you happy—but you work so hard that there's never time to enjoy these things."

"And when an actress marries, she must decide whether her marriage will be more important or whether her career will be more important. *I should be quite happy to choose my marriage.*"

Her frankness is as refreshing as Maureen herself. Even though she is a five-year veteran of Hollywood, she has been spectacularly untouched by fame. She says, slyly, "I'm afraid I haven't that air of importance you need to be a successful star." And she doesn't seem to be the least conscious of her position as the most prominent young actress on the M-G-M lot.

"I don't see how any girl with an ounce of gray matter could let Hollywood turn her head," she told me. "All you have to do is stop and ask yourself why they're cheering. It's not because you are so fascinating personally, because of your charm or your interesting conversation. It's because you are a successful business commodity that brings in money at the box office."

● **IF THIS** seems disillusioned, remember that Maureen has seen the other side of Hollywood, too. Born in Boyle, Ireland, on May 17, 1911, she was discovered in a Dublin café by Frank Borzage, who was scouting for a girl to play opposite John McCormack in the singer's first talking picture. She had been educated at convents in Dublin and London, and attended a finishing school in Paris. All Hollywood hailed her as one of the year's finds.

"Then, after that first picture, producers forgot about me," she explained. "I couldn't go back to Ireland a failure, but it looked as if my career had stopped before it commenced. For a

while I made independents, which usually spells FINIS to an actress. Then I was offered the girl's part in the first Tarzan picture. I accepted, even though other players considered it a freak part and laughed at me."

Incidentally, even though she is much more important now, the studio still puts Maureen in the jungle series opposite Johnny Weissmuller. Soon you'll be seeing her in a new one—a strange rôle after her sensitive playing of the young daughter in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, of Dora in *David Copperfield*. But Maureen doesn't mind.

"I love the idea of the Tarzan pictures," she says, "and I believe they could be as beautiful as poems if they were made with less blood and thunder. I [Continued on page 65]



Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, her fiancé without portfolio, were snapped at a circus



When Carole Lombard Loafs



Carole Lombard

FOUR MONTHS of idleness have worked a subtle witchery in Carole Lombard. She has learned to sit still for all of a half-hour; sometimes she can make it forty-five minutes, if she likes the company. She glows with stored-up energy, and after two months on the desert and in the mountains, recovering from New York and Cuba, she is disgustingly healthy.

Carole tried flying, pattered at interior decorating (she could make it her profession but prefers acting because there's more in it), and loafed in her orchidaceous dressing room at Paramount.

In a word, Carole for the moment is bored with herself.

Such was not, most emphatically not, the case when her vacation began. The trouble is that the joy of loafing expends itself like the hot air in a cross country balloon. You shoot up to dizzy heights and then ooze down to earth again.

Now the spotlight is again on Carole, who is going into one of the best pictures of her career—*The New Divorce*. Again we'll see the glamour girl at her best.

● MEANWHILE SHE yawns, sinks back, and waits for something to happen, while she tells for our delight the tales of her travels. What madness—what exhilaration! Off she flew—she and Fieldsie, pal of her Sennett cradle days, well-paid secretary of her salad days. The howling jokes they shared!

There was that time when, surrounded by jostling throngs of star-hungry men and women, train and airplane officials tried to make themselves heard above the din to explain all the intricate arrangements that had been made to stop the train near a flagstop named Hapeville, make connections with an express plane at an emergency landing field, disrupt schedules and raise hob with routes just to get the distinguished traveler to where she was going in a helluva hurry.

And dazed with all these involved plans that were to be dovetailed by railroad and airplane companies solely on her behalf, Carole went early to her berth. The porter rang loudly at five a. m. The express train ground to a stop, where it had never stopped before, to meet the plane. Amid bustling and shouting trainmen, Carole and Fieldsie alighted with their baggage.

In the murky dawn they looked about. *There wasn't a soul in sight!*

Far away, the train hooted. The two girls looked at each other in sleepy stupefaction. Where was the waiting car, the porters, the elaborately planned arrangement to pick up the plane?

It was the most complete anti-climax in Lombard's career. Suddenly she sat down on the cold leather of a suitcase and doubled over with laughter. Fieldsie felt giggles rise in her like a hiccup. They howled. They doubled up with mirth. If there had been a solitary onlooker, he would have fled from this demented scene in unholy fear.

Fieldsie had to trudge several miles to a dismal looking school to find a rural phone, while Carole guarded the luggage on the snowy platform. But I wish you could hear Carole tell it all. It's worth the price of the trip alone. Somebody, they learned later, had ribbed them—a truly colossal ribbing—by notifying the airplane company that all arrangements had been cancelled.

● NO LESS hilarious was the adventure of the shaky pilot and Riskin's Red Roses. The chap who was to fly Carole to Dallas, it developed, had married a girlhood friend of Lombard's. He was so intoxicated by this prospect of flying Carole that she and Fieldsie were sure they'd never see land again except as bits of debris. How he managed to stop jittering long enough to take off is still a mystery. And he forgot that he had turned the heater on full blast.

With considerable misgiving, Carole and Fieldsie set gingerly in their cabin seats. Carole began to notice a vast warmth in that cabin. She crinkled her lovely nose. Something was scorching! Her brow grew damp. She nudged Fieldsie.

"Don't look now," she yelled in Fieldsie's ear, "but I think the plane is on fire!" [Continued on page 50]

Portrait of a Star Digesting Gertrude Stein » » » Merle Oberon





Richard Dix and His Three Bosses

VERY MUCH in the spotlight lately are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix and the brand new boy twins; a twice-blessed event which so far has occurred only three times in the colony; to the Bing Crosbys, the Lawrence Tibbettses, and the Charles Starretts.

Those bouncing boy twins—Richard Archie and Warren Webster—add the right and triumphant note to a truly American love affair, complete in every detail. The hero is strong and handsome; the heroine a girl who loved him from afar as a fan, became his secretary through sheer fate, and won his heart.

Here, then, is a fiction story with flesh and blood characters, and it's all too interesting to dismiss without

satisfying our curiosity about the Dix family life.

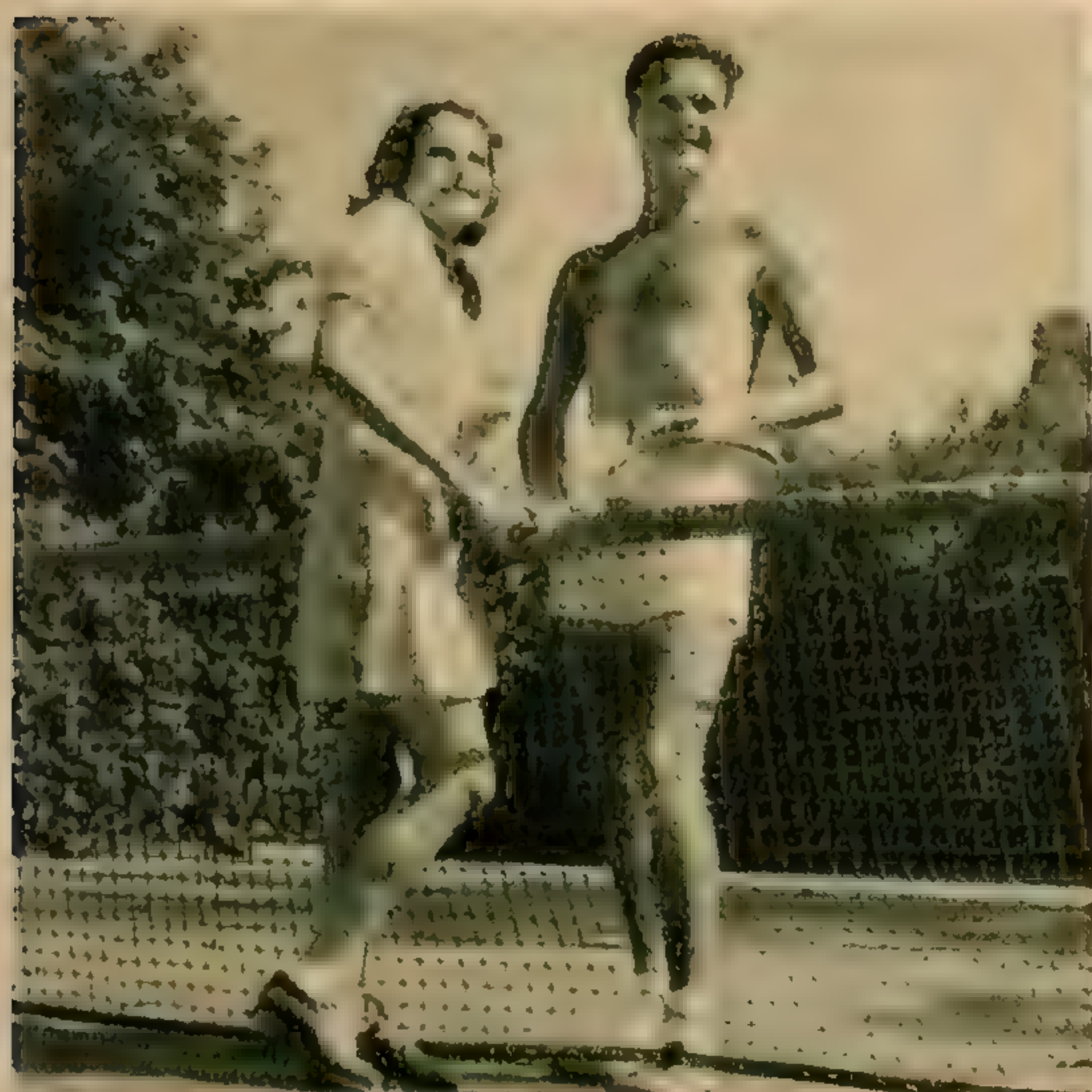
And we might have expected this admission from the proud father—marriage turned the tables on him. No longer is he the boss; instead he is most firmly bossed. And not by Mrs. Dix alone; now there are doctors, nurses and cooks telling him what he can do and what he can't. For instance, a modern father can't burst in on his twins whenever he feels like it. There are visiting hours. And he must, says the nurse in charge, wear a gauze mask over his mouth and keep hands off!

But to begin where all good romances should—at the beginning.



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix

Summer Dates » » » » » Tennis



Ann Darling and Clark Williams of Universal

"I have Uncle Jack to thank for bringing Virginia Webster to me," Richard Dix told us. "We advertised for a secretary and while I was taking a vacation on the desert Uncle Jack was to interview the applicants. It was a blind ad in which no names were mentioned, and we expected perhaps a dozen or so answers. Three thousand applied! My uncle, like a systematic business man, was undaunted. He sifted and sifted those letters, grading each one. If he liked the applicant particularly he put a cross at the top, if he thought the applicant extraordinary he put two crosses. On Virginia's application there were five crosses!

"When I interviewed her I liked her immediately but she proved very difficult to hire. She was so painfully honest about her ability that I actually had to sell her on the idea of working for me. For instance, she said she was afraid she was too slow at typing and I had to convince her that she could easily handle what little typing I would have for her. Well, then she was afraid she was too rusty on shorthand but I convinced her she would have very little dictation to take and finally she agreed to work for me.

"Say," he said suddenly, looking at me with that characteristically piercing stare of his, "did you know that the scholastic requirements at the University of California at Los Angeles are stiffer than at the University of Southern California? Well, they are and Virginia graduated from U. C. L. A. Then she took a post graduate course at Berkeley and during her last year there had to [Continued on page 62]



Cantor vs. Cagney It's to the Death!

THE MOST FAMOUS pop-eyes in the world—eyes, which started rolling, caused the guard of honor in front of Mussolini's Roman palace to set down rifles and fold up with laughter—were flashing fire!

Eddie Cantor was hot and burning. "Listen," he hissed, through gritted teeth, "I'm gonna kill Jim Cagney! Kill him a little bit at a time, but kill him!"

Cantor went into a dance, going through the gyrations of a Chinese torturer administering The Death of a Thousand Cuts, with Cagney as his imaginative victim.

"Do you know what happened last night?" he hissed. "No? Well, I'll tell you. I have five movie-mad children, mostly girls. In fact, now that I can concentrate, I know they are all girls. All I've been hearing from them lately is Cagney this and Cagney that, with me trying to get a word in now and then about Cantor. Last night I sort of coyly reminded my five girls that

pop is a picture star, too, and then adroitly suggested we each cast a vote on our respective ideas as to the most popular star in pictures. I wasn't fishing for a compliment; honest I wasn't. I was demanding one! So I cut up six slips of paper, passed them around and, when we had finished voting, I gathered the votes in a hat. Do you know what that poll disclosed? No? Well, here are the ballots—count 'em."

We counted. Now we will tabulate the returns, as follows:

DAUGHTER MARJORIE,	age 19 years, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER NATALIE,	age 18 years, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER EDNA,	age 15 years, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER MARILYN,	age 13 years, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER JANET,	age 7 years, for Bing Crosby.
PAPA CANTOR,	age 7 years, for Eddie Cantor.

"I counted the ballots," said Cantor, "but I didn't say anything—that is, not much. I sorta smoothed things over and then said, 'Well, girls, let's try again. Let's cast a vote for the next President of the United States.' Then, sorta sotto voice, I indicated that, all things considered, I MIGHT accept the



nomination. Again we voted. Now tabulate these," he said, handing out more ballots. Here's the official result:

DAUGHTER MARJORIE,	for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER NATALIE,	for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER EDNA,	for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER MARILYN,	for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER JANET,	for Bing Crosby.
PAPA CANTOR,	for Eddie Cantor.

"And I counted on that second ballot being unanimous — for me," moaned Cantor. "What can I do? I just have to kill him! He's in my hair; he's all I hear and my home is cluttered up with pictures of him. Such a headache I have. My digestion is ruined. I can't even eat Mama Ray's borscht with sour cream, and it's the best in Hollywood!" [Continued on page 64]

Something to Gag Over » » » »



His nose to the grindstone—
W.C. Fields and Baby LeRoy.



Bearding the lion in his den—
as done by Lee Tracy



She swept out of the room—
starring Lyda Roberti

Rudy Vallée? He's just a pal,
this dazzling blonde reveals!
Her real heart throb is Nelson
Eddy—a fact which she tells for
the first time in this story



Blonde Alice
hasn't known
Nelson Eddy long—!

ALICE FAYE'S *Secret Romance*

by MARK DOWLING



NOT EVEN HOLLYWOOD has yet discovered the romance between Alice Faye, golden-haired girl who rose to full stardom in a single year, and Nelson Eddy, handsome blond baritone whose first picture, *Naughty Marietta*, raised him with breath-taking speed to the ranks of filmdom's elect.

"This time I think it's the real thing," Alice says with glowing eyes—a rare statement for the quiet, reserved girl who has never learned the trick of opening her heart to interviewers.

"We have known each other only three weeks, but when Nelson went to San Francisco the other day, for a concert, I could hardly wait for him to get back. And when I had to go to Catalina, to sing with Ben Bernie's orchestra over the air, he flew there with me."

Thus the slim, blue-eyed Alice, who has always been more or less of a mystery to Hollywood, turns out to be the girl who wins the eye of the most eligible bachelor of the year. For ever since the brilliance of his performance in his first pic-

ture, Nelson Eddy has had the feminine stars of Hollywood enraptured by his charm and personality.

For two long years, while he remained under contract without playing an important part, Hollywood neglected him, spreading rumors that he couldn't act, didn't film well, and would soon be dropped. Now he is the man of the hour, sought after by all our most attractive hostesses—and he refuses, bafflingly enough, to be taken up in the whirl.

Alice, too, has avoided the usual romance rumors linking her name with handsome male stars, even though such gossip is the usual lot of so popular and beautiful a girl in Hollywood. Reporters both here and in New York have questioned her about her friendship with Rudy Vallée, who discovered her, but even when she flew to New York between pictures, to be seen on Broadway in night clubs with the orchestra leader, she denied that they were anything but friends.

[Continued on page 53]

PARADE of SHADOWS



by

Basil Rathbone

A NEW DAY is dawning, and a great stillness, as if the whole world had suddenly stopped breathing, awaits her coming. A clinging mist from the canal shrouds the sleeping town of Merville, France. An outer door bangs and footsteps echo down the empty cobble-stone streets. Slowly the Eastern sky pales in anticipation and then, ruby-lipped, rises to greet the dawn. The tall Flemish poplars sway gently. The early morning breeze softly chases the cold mist to her bed in the river, while birds circle joyously against an opal heaven.

Quite suddenly the dawn gives birth to day. Brightly colored shutters are flung back by sleepy-eyed townsfolk. A tumbril filled with turnips clatters down the main street. Our soldiers begin to busy themselves about their morning duties. Soon the whole town is astir. Civilians hurry through the narrow streets to open shops and offices.

A handful of speculators waits patiently until midday brings the inevitable rush of uniformed men, tired and thirsty after their morning's work on parade. While tillers of the soil long since have made their way to where fields of wheat stand ripening in the sun. Here, out in the country, a warm breeze carries to the passer-by a delicious odor of mellowing fruits and crops. In cottage gardens ripe plums and apples nod carelessly. Down a dusty road comes a troop of cavalry at the trot. Three or four heavy motor lorries rumble lazily after them, followed by a significant fleet of swift

Eighteen years later Basil Rathbone looks through the window of the past upon a day in July, 1917, when the Horsemen of Death rode the world

light cars with red crosses painted on their sides.

● THE SUN bears on its course. The afternoon passes heavily. The Evening Star, forerunner to the night, signals the day to rest. The Angelus is heard. Twilight—the streets resound with a strange medley of music—old pianos, gramophones, male voices, rising and falling unevenly on the still evening air—from well-filled cafés.

The tired day blushes to meet the night and lingers a brief while to look back with passionate longing as its lengthening shadows cover the sad earth. The river mirrors their embrace. The mist rouses itself from lethargy and, creeping through the silent town, tenderly enfolds the darkened streets.

A week passes. Each sweet soft night of sleep is balm to our hurt minds. Each day I dream and lovingly turn back the pages of my life and look longingly into the past. There is no future for us now; only a present and



The author of this distinguished story as he appears in "Anna Karenina"

a past. Tick-tick-tick—the second, minutes, hours creep by until the dawn of the last day of our time "on rest" colors the little piece of sky that I lie watching through my bedroom window. In an adjoining room I hear the heavy breathing of the two young subalterns who have recently joined our battalion. They have been with us for a week, and tonight they will go with us, back "into the line." Our losses were severe "last time up." Captain Hilliard, myself and eight men were all of "D" Company that returned. The two newcomers knew nothing of our losses, and so they ate like horses, and slept like children.

Away in the distance I hear the intermittent rumble of heavy artillery. After a few minutes, it
[Continued on page 64]

*Stars
Own
Stories*

Cecil B. DeMille—

A Gentleman Roughneck

DeMille could be the most hated man in Hollywood if it weren't for one great redeeming quality. Wilcoxon tells you what it is that brings endless plaudits to DeMille

by *Henry Wilcoxon*

HE is a hard-boiled roughneck, this man DeMille; a heartless slave driver. Yet he is also a gentleman and a very fine scholar, and all in all one of the most colorful men of the century.

He would be the most hated man in Hollywood if it were not for one thing, which happens to be the crux of the matter. Cecil B. DeMille isn't afraid to tackle any job that he has asked another to perform.

We all know that. Consequently he is the most admired and most popular director that this industry has ever known. Each picture finds the same faces in the mob scenes; extras who have known his scorching tongue and his driving lash—and always come back for more.

I have come to know him well. As Marc Antony in *Cleopatra* and as Richard the Lion Hearted in *The Crusades* I have labored and sweated with him in projects that called for the best in both of us. We have seen each other under all sorts of conditions. And still I say that he's a roughneck, but a gentleman.

There was that day when the clash of the broadsword filled the sound stage at Paramount with the clamor of a great battle scene. DeMille wanted a close-up of a bit of fierce, savage fighting between two soldiers.

Those brawny men were not doing it well. They lacked the enthusiasm, the fearlessness that DeMille de-

DeMille in action—Henry Wilcoxon's own sketch of the famous director showing how to hurl a spear in "The Crusades." Below, Wilcoxon poses with DeMille



mands. He called to me. "Henry take that sword and shield."

I obeyed. He armed himself with shield and sword from the other fellow, and we fell to. Did we go for each other! It was nip and tuck to save myself and give as good as received. It was dangerous, of course. But it was just as dangerous for DeMille as it was for me.

● **THE MAN** is tough. The tremendous enthusiasm he has for his work makes him unafraid of matching strength with any man in his cast if it means getting the results he seeks.

I'm not defending DeMille in this story. He needs no defense from tales of his hard boiled tactics. I merely

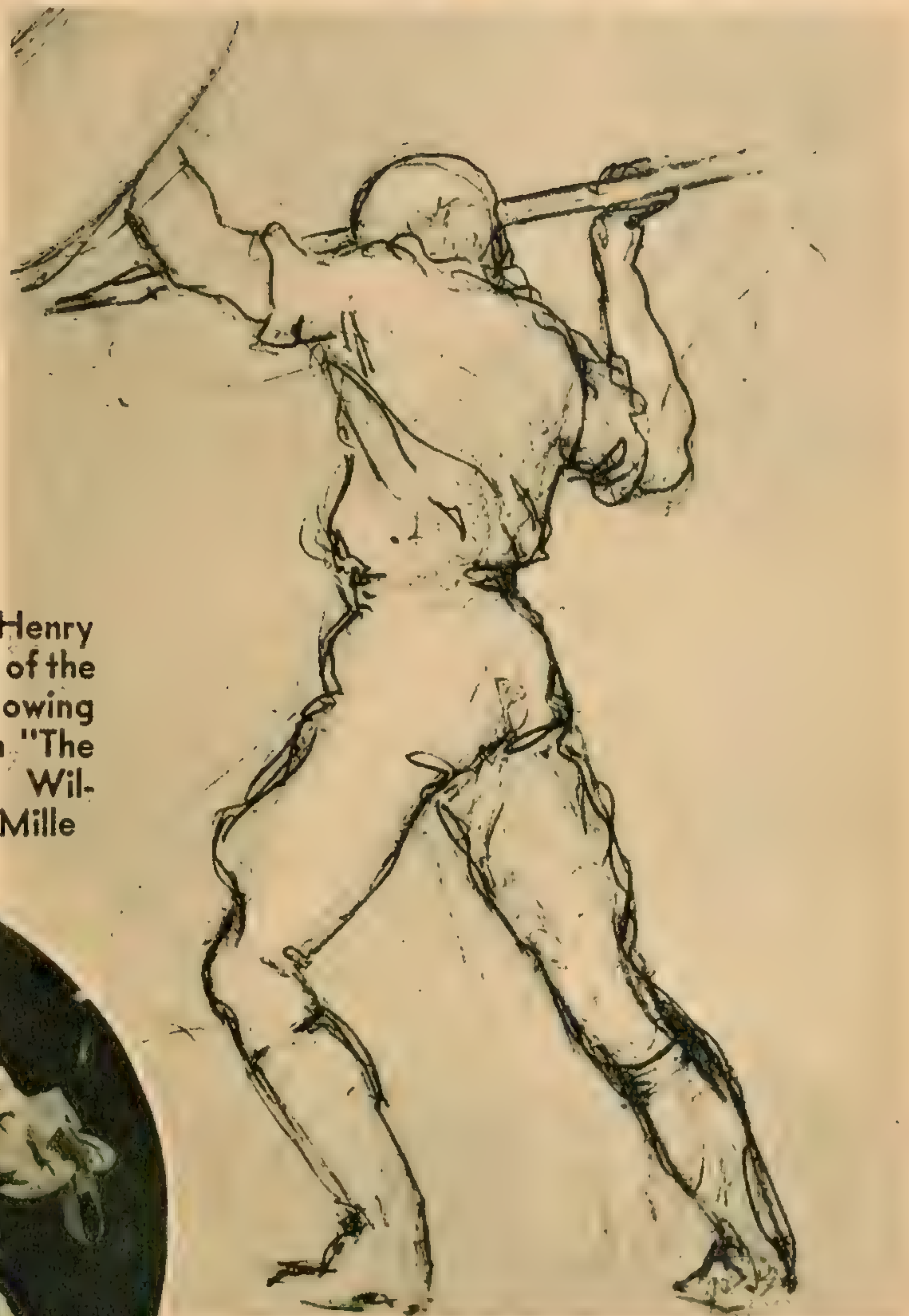
want to show him as he really is, and give a few reasons *why*. The why of things always interests me.

I think that much of his reputation for being a slave driver with a tongue as lashing as a blacksnake whip comes from people who are soft and lazy. If you match his will to work, his driving enthusiasm for the job, he won't crack the whip. Instead he'll do anything under heaven to help you.

We were filming a strenuous battle scene in *Cleopatra* where, as Marc Antony, I was to withstand the onslaught of ten Romans in my last stand before the palace gates. DeMille called for a rehearsal. We all waded into the fight and not one in the melee held back for fear of personal injury. DeMille shot it at once. Give your best and you hear no complaints.

With my fingers crossed, I'll make the statement now that he has not once yelled at me. But he will if I lay down on the job.

One thing [Continued on page 59]



Stars
Own
Stories

Joan Debunks the BENNETT LEGEND

By Eric L. Ergenbright

Here is a story that punctures the publicity blah about the amazing family



Joan stands beneath a portrait of her father, Richard Bennett, whose ancestors were all preachers

(In circle) Joan as she appears in a recent film production



THE BENNETT'S! A tempestuous, temperamental, talented, fighting clan! An aging eagle of the stage and screen screaming advice and encouragement to his three brilliant eaglets, shaping their destinies with crafty care, expertly training them to fly into the winds of adversity and soar to the heights!

That's the "Bennett Legend," time-honored and oft-told. Who hasn't read how Dick Bennett, that berserk genius of the theatre, sent his Constance, Barbara and Joan out to "take it on the chin," how he taught them his art and made them stars? That's the legend, but . . .

"It paints a colorful picture," sighs Joan, the youngest of the three erstwhile fledglings. "It's still a colorful picture in spite of the fact that it's been presented often enough to become just a bit boring. But part of the scenario, and a most important part, at that, is lacking. What about our mother?"

"No one ever mentions her in their stories about 'The Bennetts'—and yet, if I remember correctly, we *did* have a mother. A very devoted mother, who until her voluntary retirement, was every bit as celebrated on the stage as our father. She allowed her own

career to fade in order to give Constance, Barbara and me the attention and care that we needed—just as, previously, she had willingly taken a second place in order to give father the theatrical glory for the family.

"As a matter of fact, it was Adrienne Morrison rather than Richard Bennett, who played the major rôle in shaping our careers. It was from her, I think, that we inherited our instinctive love of the theatre, and from her that we absorbed the theatrical traditions of 'the family.'

"We have always been called 'The Bennetts,' but the truth of the matter is that 'the family,' as far as the stage is concerned, are the Woods and the Morrisons."

● AND SO, you see, the "Bennett Legend," like most of Hollywood's legends, is wrong. Hollywood is too new, too *gauche*, to have any deep knowledge of theatrical history. One writer broadcasts misinformation, others take it up and popularize the error. And both Connie and Joan Bennett are such self-sufficient young ladies that they have never found occasion to recite "the family's" history. Joan does it now, only in deference to a very great lady of the theatre who has been rather ironically overlooked in the accounts of her daughter's success.

"Richard Bennett was the first of the Bennetts to go on the stage. His ancestors, the majority of them at least, were protestant preachers. He became an actor, more by accident than design.

"Mother's people, on the other hand, had been connected with the theatre since the time of Shakespeare, when William Wodin, our 'how-many-greats-I-don't-know' grandfather came to London from Wales and be-

[Continued on page 60]



Rose Wood, Joan's grandmother, was one of the great stars of yesteryear in America



To Joan's mother, now Mrs. Eric Pinker, goes belated credit for the success of the Bennett girls in the field of stage and screen



As a child Joan might have been willful, but she carried that same thoughtful appearance

HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD SCRAPBOOK



Norma Shearer

is at the present taking a vacation from the screen preparatory to another blessed event in the family. Meantime, Husband Irving Thalberg is considering a new release of "Smilin' Through" to appease the demands of Shearer fans for a current film. The shy poetess of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" will later appear as the famous French queen in "Marie Antoinette," under the direction of Sidney Franklin.

- The coming big event in the Thalberg household will be the second. Norma retired once before to prepare for the arrival of Irving, Jr., and later returned to the screen to score new successes.
- Norma Shearer, Hollywood's symbol for success, has won the admiration of her own friends and acquaintances for her perfect serenity of soul. She possesses no desperate philosophies. She is content with whatever life brings her.





Garden photos
by
Charles Rhodes



Planting a garden is Binnie's idea of real fun when away from the studio set



To prepare for a rôle in *Diamond Jim Brady*, Binnie had to gain 14 pounds

Binnie Barnes

finds Hollywood almost quiet and serene compared to some of the places she has been in her young life. She got much of her early training doing a Will Rogers rope act in South Africa, where theater goers wore six-guns



When Binnie first came to the United States, she was stopped by New York police who suspected she was the noted "red-head" companion of Gangster John Dillinger



Binnie's first airplane trip was taken after she reached New York



London did not take to its native daughter until she pretended to be an American girl under the monicker of Texas Binnie. Then she went on to ultimate screen fame



with her director,
Eddie Buzzell. . . .



and Roger Pryor,
the boy friend. . . .



. . . also Benny
Rubin



If you are keeping a scrapbook on Ann Sothern, add this page of pertinent facts about Columbia's blonde favorite . . .

Ann Sothern

is a North Dakota girl who finally won her way to film fame only through success on Broadway. Born in a small town called Valley City, Ann never saw her birthplace. It was merely a stopover for her mother, Annette Yde, a former concert singer.

Ann came to Hollywood as Harriette Lake in 1929, and was a flop in the movies. She started as a dancing girl and was signed up by M-G-M. Harriette became lost in the shuffle, however, and might never have gone anywhere, except . . .

Flo Ziegfeld met her one night and promised her a chance at a career. Later he wired her to come to New York. Dumping her film contract overboard, Ann got the second lead in *Smiles*. She became a Broadway hit. Later she appeared in other successes such as *Of Thee I Sing*.

Columbia studio scouts spied her and began talking business. She won a lead in *Let's Fall In Love*, and the film clicked. Other studios borrowed her left and right. Her latest is *The Girl Friend* with Roger Pryor. (See stills above.)

As sometimes happens in romantic Hollywood, Roger Pryor is the boy friend in real life; has been for several years despite a rush from Maurice Chevalier.

JANET GAYNOR SLATED
 "Lucky Hawk" IDC
 King Vidor Will
 Talkie of "Bill"

Heaven?
 Why, of Course--
 It's Honeymoon!

JANET GAYNOR
 MARRIED TO

Where Is Film Actress?
 JANET GAYNOR—in Los Angeles
 From nervous breakdown
 "Georgie"? At any
 "eld up"

JANET GAYNOR
 IN COLLAPSE
 "YES" AND

Behind the Headlines in JANET GAYNOR'S LIFE

Photos by Charles Rhodes,
 HOLLYWOOD'S Candid Cameraman

A Hollywood newspaper reporter
 gives you this intimate glimpse of
 the stories behind the news

by MURIEL BABCOCK

FOR TEN YEARS, Janet Gaynor has been crashing the headlines of daily newspapers printed the world over. Since 1925 when she first landed on the drama page of a metropolitan paper, stories galore have been printed about Janet, about her love affairs, about her rôles in pictures, about her marriage and its unsuccessful culmination, about her private life, her friendships, her home at the beach, her luxurious, roomy mansion in the heart of Hollywood.

Newspaper headlines and newspaper yarns tell only half the real truth. There's always a story behind the story which cannot be revealed until later. It's the interesting but unprinted grist known only to those "in the know" in Hollywood which comprises the real story.

You know of Janet Gaynor's career in pictures. You must know that this sweet, winsome heroine of so many storybook films from Fox studio has developed, in ten years, into a woman of character and tastes far apart from the bright-eyed little girl you still see flashing across the screen. The cute, perky, red-headed little feminist of determination and will, who crashed Hollywood when still in her teens has enjoyed a romantic, glamorous career, to be sure. She has also known great heartbreak. She has had to fight to sustain her position as Ingenue No. 1 of Hollywood.

Here, for the first time, is the story behind the headlines—the authentic headline history of Janet Gaynor. It begins on April 25, 1925, when was printed under a two-column banner in the Los Angeles Times:

"UNKNOWN FILM ASPIRANT INTERVIEWS BIG DIRECTOR"

Janet Gaynor, a little, unknown screen aspirant, yesterday had an interview with Edwin Carewe, ace Hollywood director, and asked advice on how to proceed on screen career. Mr. Carewe advised Miss Gaynor, according to the article: "Work, work, wish, and learn, and be natural in your rôles." She looked up at him gratefully and thanked him. The article ended with a comment which turned out to be prophetic, "that perhaps sometime the director would let her play the part upon which she set her heart, a worried little slavey, tormented and harassed, dirty, disheveled, downright ugly." A truly interesting ambition for she is blessed with beauty and youth, large brown eyes, curls, and dimples in her chin.

[Continued on page 54]



Often mentioned in print as "a San Francisco Doctor," it was not until recently that our cameraman snapped Dr. Veblen, the favored Gaynor companion, dining with Janet



Outings with Gene Raymond have no romantic inference, although gossip columns often mention their appearance at night spots of Hollywood, claiming this to be a love affair



Henry Fonda, her leading man in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," was frequently mentioned in headlines as Janet's latest boy friend, but that was all publicity hooey

An Intimate Subject.... but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex

CAN'T CHAFE—CAN'T FAIL—CAN'T SHOW



"CAN'T CHAFE"

Means much on active days

To be happy and natural one must be comfortable. The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But mind you, sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



"CAN'T FAIL"

Is important, too

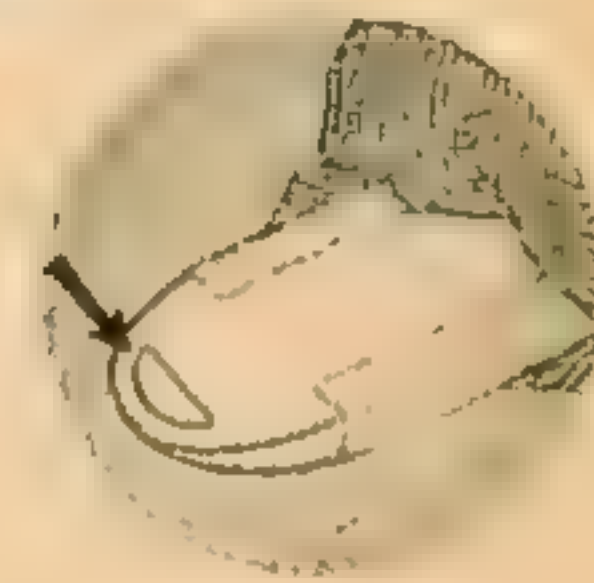
Security means much to every woman at all times... and Kotex assures it! It has a special center layer whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This special center gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



"CAN'T SHOW"

Gives evening peace-of-mind

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. What an aid to self-confidence and poise. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



IT'S only natural that women should be vitally concerned about this intimate subject. And I've discovered this: once women understand the 3 exclusive advantages that only Kotex offers, most of them will not be satisfied with any other sanitary napkin!

By reading the facts presented here, you can learn what I believe every woman has a right to know. You need never have times when you're ill at ease. For now there is a simple way to carefree, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain. Here's a modern sanitary napkin—Kotex—that has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem.

Kotex brings women 3 gratifying comforts that you can understand by simply looking at the construction of the pad itself.

With all of these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary kinds.

For greater protection on some days depend on Super Kotex. For emergency, look for Kotex in ladies' rooms in West Cabinets.



Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

BUY THE NEW KOTEX SANITARY BELT. Narrow and adjustable. Requires no pins.

AUGUST, 1935

QUEST

the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness



A new scientific discovery makes possible the perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex... and for your every need! Quest, sponsored by the makers of Kotex, is a dainty, soothing powder, pleasant and safe to use. Quest assures all-day-long body freshness. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex... only 35c for the large 2-ounce can



"DOUBLE-QUICK"
REDUCTION
During the
SUMMERTIME



REDUCE

YOUR WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**
...or it will cost you nothing!



"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES,"
...writes Miss Healy..."I reduced from 43
inches to 34½ inches"...writes Miss Brian...
"Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll
..."The fat seems to have melted away"...
says Mrs. McSorley.

So many of our customers are delighted
with the wonderful results obtained with
this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle
and Uplift Brassiere that we want you to
try them for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

Worn next to the body with perfect
safety, the tiny perforations permit the
skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like
action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with
every movement... stimulating the body
once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and
definitely in 10 days whether or not this very
efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce
your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!**
You do not need to risk one penny...try
them for 10 days...at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 78, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.
Please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and
illustrating the new Perfollastic Girdle and Uplift
Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and
particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

by
MARIAN
RHEA

Let's Go Collegiate!

SHE LOOKS LIKE a co-ed and she
knows how to dress like one. . . .
So if you'd like to go collegiate,
fashionably speaking—

Arline Judge is the one to show you
the way!

She knows all the ropes, and why
not—after *College Scandal*, that new
picture of hers in which she plays the
rôle of a simply devastating co-ed?

She knows the kind of a dress that
will make a hit with the boy friend
when he comes around of a morning
to play tennis. She knows the kind of
an outfit that will knock him dead
when he takes her out to lunch. She
knows the kind of a costume which,
worn to a summer tea or maybe to a
rushing party after college opens,
makes the men think: "Some baby!"
and the girls: "How does she DO it?"

And she knows the kind of a dreamy,
dancing gown that could, if it would,
ring up a record of a new fraternity
pin every night! Which, in the history
of any campus queen's
wardrobe, is some-
thing!

Arline's rules for
"going collegiate" sar-
torially — and successfully — are only
two, to wit: Be youthful. Be different.

"The rest is easy," she
says.

Lying in the sun, one
day, in a big chair a
couple of feet from the
swimming pool in her
huge and very glorified
back yard, she elabo-
rated on the subject at
hand. She was wearing
a white bathing suit
which made the gorge-
ous coat of sun tan she
was acquiring—already
had acquired—seem still
more gorgeous in con-
trast. She looked very
pretty and young—
about freshman age—as
she talked.

"To be different is
really the more diffi-
cult," she said.

"To be different, you
must be outstanding
but not conspicuous;
original but not freak-
ish; unusual but not
outlandish. It is," she
repeated, "quite a prob-
lem. . . ."

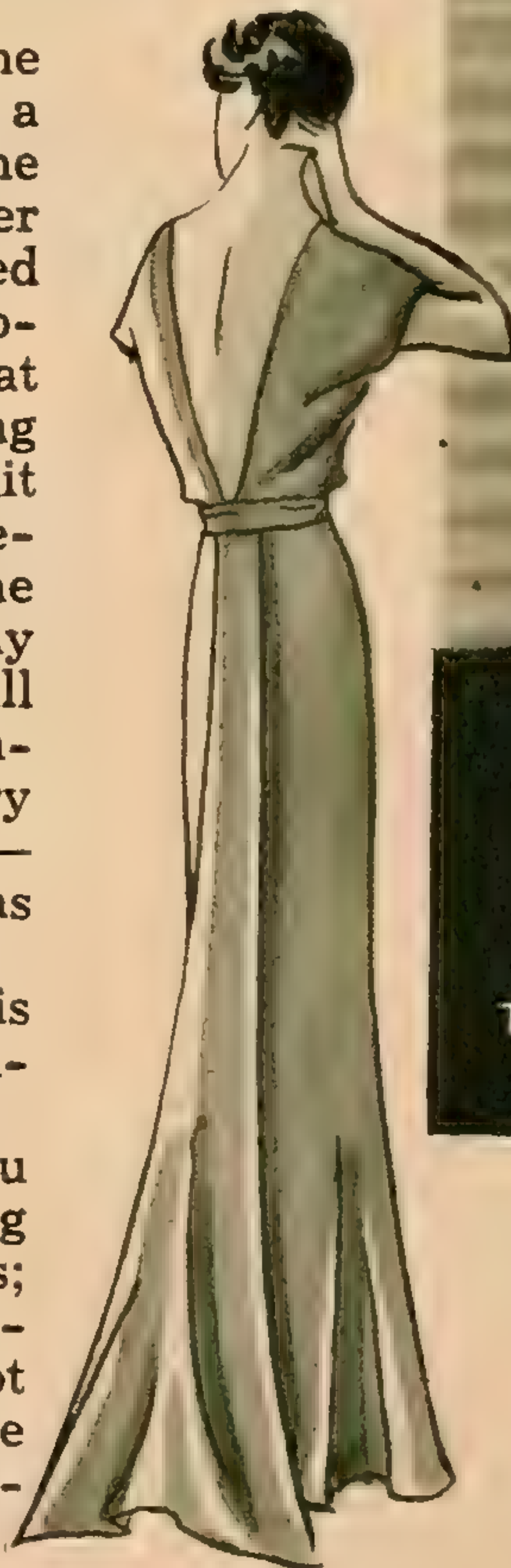
True. . . . Then how
would she advise avoid-

ing the pitfalls and achieving this de-
sired end? I was anxious to know. . . .

She smiled and clambered out of
her chair.

"I am not so good at explaining,"
she confided, "but I can show you what
I mean. At least, I can show you a
costume which, to my mind, fills the
bill. I wore it in *College Scandal*.
Come on. . . ."

for evening



974



Pattern
\$0.15
Material
\$7.00
Trimming
\$1.50
Total \$8.75

Arline Judge wears this lovely eve-
ning dress with low-cut back, grace-
ful train and velvet bow in *College*
Scandal. The bias-cut skirt retains
youthful lines and the effect of
sleeves creates demureness. You
can make a dress like it if you send
for Hollywood pattern No. 974,
available in sizes 14, 16, 18 years;
36-, 38- and 40 busts.

THREE CHEERS FOR
ARLINE JUDGE'S
SUMMER WARDROBE



for outings

A lightweight tweed coat of beige and brown, with shirred shoulder lines, is Arline's choice for cool evenings.

● WE WENT in-doors and upstairs, across her lovely, spacious rose-carpeted bedroom, to one of her clothes closets. And there she showed me—

Her Rising Sun pyjamas!

Now, this allusion to the rising sun doesn't have a thing to do with the 6 A. M. variety of pyjamas. Not a thing! Arline's Rising Sun pyjamas are very much the type that step out socially.

Rising sun refers to a sun-shaped figure in navy blue imposed upon the front of the bodice in striking contrast to the clear white crepe of the pyjamas themselves. She likes her clothes that way—simple and smart.

"I haven't much use for frills and furbelows." [Continued on page 42]

AUGUST, 1935



Posed by professional model

**MEN
WOULDN'T
LOOK AT ME
WHEN I WAS
SKINNY**

but...

**Since I Gained 10 Pounds
This New, Easy Way
I Have All the Dates I Want**

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and friendless, even if you never could gain an ounce before. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh, enticing curves—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Skin clears to beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 288, Atlanta, Ga.

Generous FREE SAMPLE

PROVE TO
YOURSELF
THE MAGIC
OF THE WAY
MOVIE
STARS
CLEANSE
THEIR HAIR
with . . .



MAR-O-OIL

*The Soapless Olive Oil
Way to Shampoo Your Hair*

This trial bottle of Mar-o-Oil will convince you that this amazing new method of cleansing hair and scalp is the *perfect way* to get rid of dandruff accumulations and correct irritating, dry or oily scalp conditions. Mar-o-Oil cleans thoroughly . . . does not lather . . . rinses out in clear warm water. ● One shampoo will show you why Hollywood studio hair dressers and beauty shop operators everywhere recommend Mar-o-Oil as the one all-purpose hair cleanser and tonic combined. It leaves your hair clean, soft and lovely, yet more manageable. Waves stay in longer. You'll be delighted with the way Mar-o-Oil brings out the natural color and hidden lustre of your hair.



**PERT
KELTON**
featured in RKO'S
"HURRAH
FOR LOVE"

. . . is one of the
many Hollywood
stars using soap-
less oil shampoos
for lovely, allur-
ing hair beauty.

**SEND COUPON TODAY
GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER**

J. W. Marrow Mfg. Company
Dept. 85 3037 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your liberal 2-trial bottle
of Mar-o-Oil—FREE. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or
coin) to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

MAR-O-OIL
Soapless
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

Arline Judge's CO-ED

(Continued from page forty-one)



this pattern is outstanding in its style importance and represents a new sartorial accomplishment even in Hollywood where clothes are consistently lovely and unusual, it is necessary to charge 25 cents for this pattern.

● But To continue along the path of collegiate style with Arline—

There is, for instance, that flowered evening gown of hers which is so pretty, so fetching, so everything that it should be that it really ought to be able to get two fraternity pins an evening without half trying!

It is made with high, cowl-like neckline in front, very low back, and is adorned with simple, emerald green velvet bow at the waistline.

Showing me this dress, Arline made a canny comment on ways and means of keeping collegiate after the sun goes down and the stars come out.



Here is Arline Judge's favorite costume—her navy blue and white Rising Sun pyjamas! They're ever so new, and perfect for the co-ed who likes to be "different." Order Pattern No. 983.

"I have an idea they are disturbing to others. To my way of thinking, tasteful dressing means perfect grooming, perfectly fitting clothes and accessories which are carefully chosen but not too obviously matched. . . . In other words, a costume which, when complete, adorns but does not obliterate personality."

Hence, her Rising Sun pyjamas which not only are particularly right for not too formal vacation festivities, but for sorority "at homes" as well—especially during rushing season when freshie "rushees" must be duly impressed.

Moreover, they can be duplicated! A Rising Sun pattern has been drafted with Arline's pyjamas as model and this extra special fashion feature, complete in every detail and giving minute directions for making it available through HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service, pattern No. 983. Because

Pattern \$0.25
Material \$6.08
Trimming \$1.10
Total \$7.43

983

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HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service,
529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me patterns checked. I enclose
_____ in stamps or coin.

My size _____ My bust _____

983-Rising Sun Pyjamas25c

985-Sports Frock15c

974-Evening Dress15c

Fashion Magazine
(10c if you order a pattern)15c

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City _____

HOLLYWOOD

PATTERNS

"The college girl," she said, "or for that matter any girl who is of the so-called 'petite' type, simply must watch out when she puts on an evening dress that she doesn't look like a child dressed up in her mother's long skirts! Her dresses, even though [Continued on page 44]



985

Pattern
\$0.15
Material
\$5.85
Trimming
\$1.25
Total
\$7.25

An ideal summer vacation frock of Arline's, this yellow-ribbed silk sports model. It can be duplicated! Send for Pattern No. 985.

AUGUST, 1935

SOMETHING SPECIAL IN Chocolate Ice Cream!



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM (Freezer method)

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 cup cold water
2 cups thin cream

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, and stir over boiling water for five minutes until mixture thickens. Gradually add water and thin cream. Blend thoroughly. Cool and freeze in two-

quart freezer. Remove dasher. Pack in ice and salt for one hour or more after freezing. Makes 1 1/4 quarts.
● No freezer ever turned out creamier, smoother, richer-tasting ice cream than this. Yet this is easily made, economical.
● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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Street _____

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RETAIN YOUR YOUTH
with this new

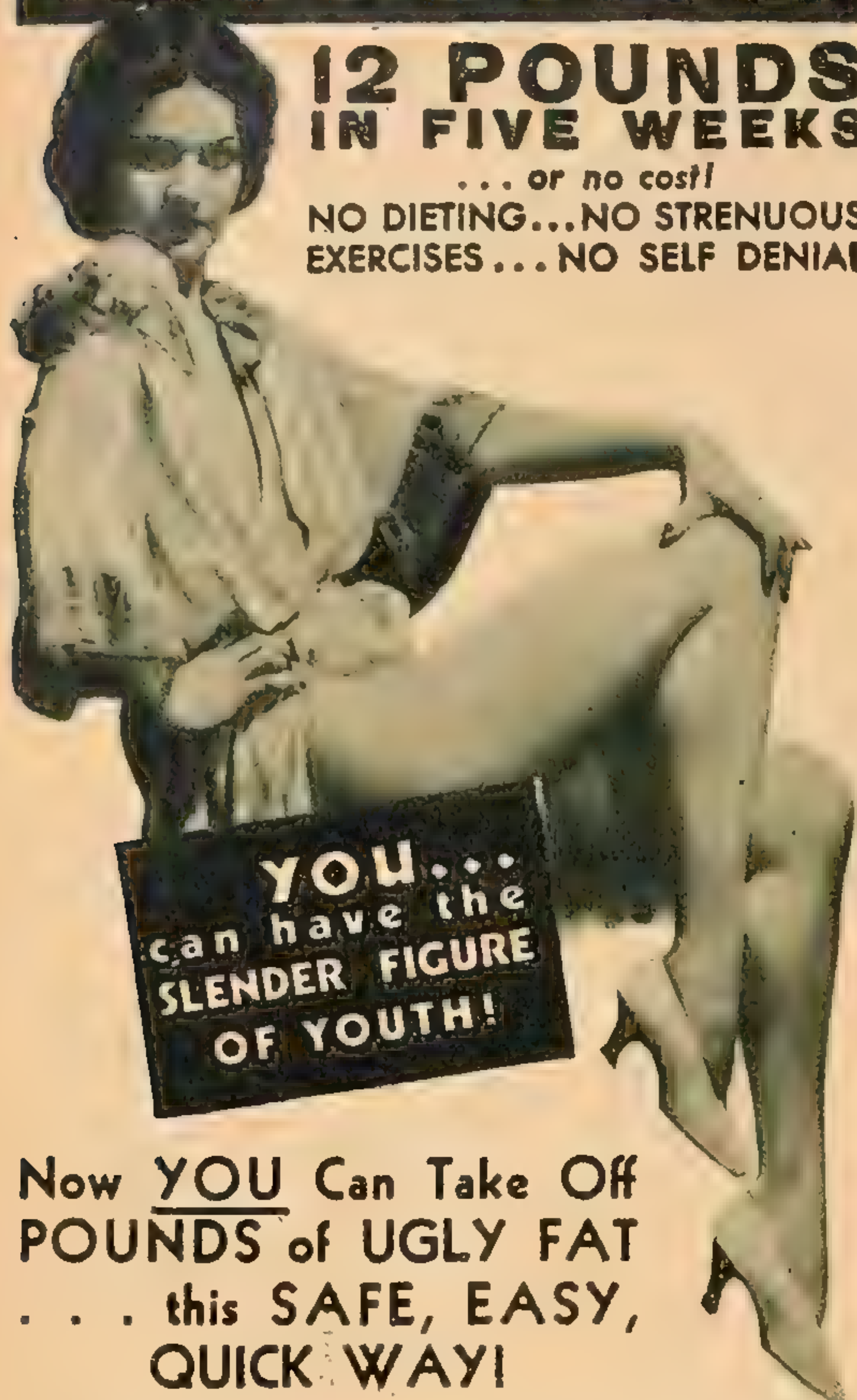
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STIMULATES and tones sagging muscles.
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EXERCISES...NO SELF DENIAL



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POUNDS of UGLY FAT
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QUICK WAY!**

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it is true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism; that is, they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality.

**YOU MAY EAT WHAT YOU WISH AND
AS MUCH AS YOU WANT**

There is no need to change your present mode of living, yet objectionable surplus fat—especially around hips and waist—will quickly disappear.

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Beware of products claiming more rapid reduction, physicians agree that 15 pounds a month is the limit of safety. And, do not accept any substitute for **SAFE** Dilex-Redusols—the harmless capsules which reduce fat by increasing metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredient. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

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I am very glad to tell you that Dilex-Redusols have reduced my weight 18 pounds in the past 5 weeks. Before taking Dilex-Redusols I weighed 205 pounds. I now have a fine appetite, eat 3 good meals a day, feel energetic and ambitious, and yet have reduced my weight to 187 pounds. This has been done without diet or tiring exercises... simply by taking Dilex-Redusols.

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Very truly yours,

(Signed) **JOHN J. LYONS**

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—former Secretary of New York State, reflects the average experience of hundreds of users who daily send us unsolicited testimonials. Many letters on file show reductions of from 30 to 40 pounds! Why not rid yourself of burdensome **FAT**—Remember, you **REDUCE** 12 pounds in 5 weeks or it costs you nothing!

DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE, INC.
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☐ Enclosed find \$3.00, please forward, postpaid, one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules in plain wrapper.
☐ Send Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C. O. D. I will pay postman \$3.00 (plus 23 cents postage.)
If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my \$3.

Mr.

Mrs.

Miss

Address

City State
Orders from Canada & Foreign Countries Cash in Advance.

Brevity is the Soul of Arline's Sports Wear

(Continued from page forty-three)

skirts trail to the floor, must appear to be her own, not those borrowed from someone else."

As Arline held it up in front of her, over the white bathing suit, this particular dress seemed to fill the bill exactly. Its colors were so dainty and delicate as to make her look "sweet sixteen" or less. It was **HER** dress and no mistake!

Designed especially for her to wear in

Next to dainty prints which are always grand for summer dances and other festivities in warm weather, Arline likes plain white, especially chiffon.

"When in doubt, choose white," she said, and gave several reasons why.

One was that white is becoming to more people than any one color. Another was that it is particularly striking with the sun tan that most college girls like. A third—that it can be worn with various colored slippers, corsages or perhaps jewelry with the effect of a new costume every time. Still another—that white crepe, for instance, can well be carried over into early fall and worn with darker accessories by the girl who plans her wardrobe with an eye to economy—but not at the expense of chic.

But so much for formal "costumes collegiate," although Arline has, too, a perfectly lovely sapphire blue chiffon adorned with velvet bows numbering forty-two running from waistline to floor in the back.

Because, in the last analysis, what is any co-ed's wardrobe without sports clothes!



Arline Judge likes her sun tan. She gets it by wearing nifty linen playsuits like this one, which is white. Even her sandals admit a good deal of sunshine.



Emerald green and white is Arline's choice for a swimming suit. The top is made like a bib, leaving the back bare. The material is silk that looks well even when wet.

College Scandal, this dress, too, can be duplicated through **HOLLYWOOD** Pattern Service, pattern No. 974. Price 15 cents.

● **INCIDENTALLY**, **ARLINE** called attention to a noteworthy point, here, and that is the fact that prints hide very successfully irregularities in silhouette. The girl who is inclined to be the least bit "bumpy," she confided, will usually look much better in them. Not that Arline has to worry about anything like that...

"Nothing at all," Arline said, and hastened to display a little yellow ribbed silk frock with wide, notched reverses, brown buttons and brown and white striped belt.

This is still another frock of hers that can be duplicated through **HOLLYWOOD's**

HOLLYWOOD

Pattern Service, using pattern No. 985. Price 15 cents. She wears this dress with brown or white accessories.

She is also fond of a chic, dark blue frock of ribbed silk with turned down collar, patch pockets and a row of dark bone buttons extending down the front of the blouse and a little way down the front of the skirt. With this dress, sometimes, she wears a clever blue and white sleeveless sweater which is just the thing for the classroom or for a cool morning in the mountains or at the beach.

● IN THE matter of a top coat for these vacation months, Arline is especially lucky. Because there never was such a smart coat as that beige and brown tweed of hers!

Three-quarter length and very swagger, it has sleeves tucked at the shoulders to give fullness and a collar—well, that collar really represents the nth degree of chic! It turns neither up nor down but, held snugly at the throat by a brown leather band, it falls just any way it feels inclined. For fastening, there is a single, huge button in red, carved like a masque.

Arline wears this coat a lot with her navy blue corded silk dress and has a blue silk off-the-face hat to match the dress, finished off with a perky bow. For summer, she often wears sturdy white buck pumps trimmed in brown alligator leather, and carries a red purse to match the red masque button.

Also, speaking of shoes, sandals are an indispensable part of Arline's summer wardrobe, too. She wears them at all hours—those very "sketchy" ones, which are nothing much but a heel and a strap or two, with her sun suits and sometimes with her light sports frocks, and lovely colored ones for evening.

"I think it is a good plan to pay a fairly good price for evening slippers, especially," she said that day I invaded her clothes closet.

"Don't forget, you can have your soiled summer ones dyed a darker color for winter party dresses, so it is economical in the long run to get ones that don't become shoddy after their first dance."

● HATS? OH, yes! We mustn't forget them.

Several of Arline's are those perky things in white or a color to match some certain outfit that turn up all around in the most pert manner. Others are simple affairs of the sports variety. Even those she wears with more formal clothes, although smart, are never extreme.

"I don't think I am the type for those ultra-ultra 'chapeaux' and I feel funny in them," she explained, adding:

"I think, a hat should provide 'finish' to a costume, and should never be so unusual looking that it attracts attention to itself."

And now we come to active sports things—swimming suits and tennis shorts and other brief togs which give Old Sol a chance to do his stuff in the matter of that very important sun tan.

Always favoring white, one of her choicest sun suits is of white linen with a halter top which buttons onto the shorts.

As for costume when she takes a dip in the "wild sea waves," Arline's very smartest and most collegiate is of emerald green silk—the kind that looks particularly well when wet—trimmed in white and belted neatly.

There is also that white wool bathing suit which carries out her consistent ideas of simplicity—and a bright red one which is very becoming to her brunette beauty.

AUGUST, 1935

NATURALLY SKINNY FOLKS CORRECT IODINE STARVED GLANDS!

**Add 5 lbs. in 1 Week
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No longer need you go around as skinny as a rail, for Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

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To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1,660 lbs. of beef, or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See flattering extra pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel. And if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week the trial is free. Kelpamalt costs but a few cents a day to use and can be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply send \$1.00 for introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address at the right.

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A famous Chicago swimming coach tells how to acquire grace and poise in doing nine simple dives.

IN THE AUGUST

**MODERN
MECHANIX**
& INVENTIONS MAGAZINE

15c

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

SHOP PLANS, FURNITURE, MODELS

WHY BE FAT?



Delighted women everywhere are telling their friends how easy it is to have an alluring figure the RE-DUCE-OIDS way.

*She LOST 50 Pounds without Diet or Exercise

There's no need to envy other women with their captivating figures, while you sit in the background ashamed and uncomfortable. Here is the easy, safe way that has transformed the overweight bodies of thousands of delighted women into lovely figures admired by everyone, after other methods had failed.

*Mrs. Jennie Schafer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas City, Mo., writes "I reduced 50 pounds with RE-DUCE-OIDS. Every other method failed, but RE-DUCE-OIDS succeeded! After I lost this fat, my doctor pronounced me in better health than for years, and I felt better in every way."

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If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful "slimming" results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back. Your word and the used package is all we require, you risk no money! So start now, before fat gets one more day's headway. Your druggist or department store has RE-DUCE-OIDS, or can get it quickly. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package, or \$5.00 for 3 packages, to Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., 746 Sansome St., San Francisco, Calif.—or C.O.D. Plain wrapper.

FREE Send no money for this valuable book — "HOW TO REDUCE." Free and Postpaid, plain envelope

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Binnie Barnes Learned



Lillian Russell's Beauty Secrets

And shows how modern technique improved on the methods that enchanted Diamond Jim

by MAX FACTOR

IT WAS AMAZING. She was standing near a droplight as I went onto the set of *Diamond Jim Brady* out at Universal and she might have been Lillian Russell in the flesh. The same Lillian I recalled so vividly although it's been twenty-six years since I last saw her.

"What have you done to yourself for this rôle?" I asked Binnie Barnes.

Her eyes flashed in amusement. "I've had to gain fourteen pounds to get the Russell 'curves'—but I didn't go so far as to take milk baths for my complexion like she did!"

"You didn't need to," I assured her. "Not with a skin such as you have!"

We fell to discussing, then, the progress of beauty technique—how it has changed since the Gay Nineties. Lillian, I remember, never permitted herself to laugh heartily. She was afraid of lines around her mouth and she used to hold it in place if she felt a good laugh coming on.

"Can you imagine any girl thinking of such a thing now?" asked Binnie. "When she has a jar of cream handy to eliminate all wrinkle worries? . . . I read in one of her biographies where Miss Russell would spend hours each day rubbing raw cucumber on her face

to bleach it and applying ice-cold cloths to her cheeks to make them glow. With all that trouble she *should* have been the belle of the nineties—but think what she could have done with all the cosmetic discoveries of the 'thirties! What any woman can do, for that matter. . . .

"But, somehow, we're all inclined to get lax. You see a girl who just misses being attractive by a fraction—simply because she has forgotten some detail. That's why a *beauty test* is so grand. It helps you to check up on yourself!"

And, says Binnie, this is done right at home. See how you answer these questions and mark your charm "grade" accordingly—

● Do You Know definitely how you want to look — and what to do about it?

Perhaps you've been reaching out in a vague way for beauty. A great many women do. Turn the corner now! Make up your mind what your best features are and how you are going to detract from your bad ones. Your hair-do, for instance, can change your entire looks. Smartly curled bangs can make a long, narrow forehead twice as interesting. A center part and

soft fluffiness on either side make a thin face seem much fuller. But if your face is the "moon-shaped" kind, draw your hair back so that at least half the ears are revealed, and do it high in back.

A large or oddly-shaped nose is often the bane of a girl's existence. It needn't be. Don't rouge near it. Play up your mouth and eyes for all you're worth and keep your eyebrows distinctly shaped *but don't pull them*. A defined line of the brows helps to subdue a large nose.

- Do You DRESS your face for the day—or just for special occasions? Too many women are satisfied to



After carefully applying her makeup, Binnie Barnes brushes off excessive powder

have but four or five hours of beauty in the whole twenty-four. They'd be in a panic if their car ran on only two cylinders most of the time; if their iceless refrigerator decided to function only in the evening. But the most important thing, their own personal attractiveness, they neglect more than anything else in the household. . . . Ten minutes in the morning is all that's necessary to start the day right. All make-up should be in *living colors*. Warm, radiant, real. When you remember that rouge is created to give a natural glow and youth to the cheeks, powder to beautify the tone of the skin, and lipstick to serve as the color accent of the face—you'll be apt to apply them with far more artistic skill. And the better you look, the happier and more sure of yourself you are.

Incidentally, if your cosmetics are in a convenient place on your dressing table you'll be more likely to use them even in the before-breakfast rush.

AUGUST, 1935

'blond' legs for brunettes!



Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

makes hair on legs and arms invisible

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CHARLES MARCHAND CO. 251 West 19th Street New York City

I want to have alluringly smooth arms and legs. Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents in stamps (money order, check or coins accepted) for a full-sized bottle.

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Chili Con "Kelly"

When a dozen guests drop in for food, try Paul Kelly's famous Mexican dish!

By ANITA BLAKE

THE PAUL KELLYS had company one Sunday afternoon and everybody had such a good time that supper time rolled around before they realized it.

Now, Dorothy Kelly is a hospitable hostess, but eight unexpected guests created a slightly formidable problem, especially on a Sunday when most of the markets were closed.

Paul, however, rose to the occasion.

"I want to know just one thing," he said to Dorothy. "Have we any hamburger?"

"Yes, three pounds—and tortillas, too," said Dorothy, knowing what was on his mind.

Satisfied, Paul addressed his guests.

"You are all invited to eat on the Kellys," he announced. "Your menu will feature 'chili con Kelly.'"

Whereupon, he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, tied an apron around his waist and descended upon the kitchen.

"Everybody else stay out," he ordered.

An hour later, ten people sat down to one of those delicious Spanish meals which are so popular out Hollywood way where, with the "land of manana" only a little more than a hundred miles to the south, across the Mexican border, Spanish and Mexican dishes are quite the custom.

Paul's menu included beside the "chili con carne" a great bowl of vegetable salad with real Mexican dressing, served with wooden spoon and fork, tortillas—which are supposed to be toasted, spread with butter and rolled up for eating—and, for dessert, another big bowl of chopped fruit such as oranges, grapefruit, bananas and



Paul Kelly's dish is a complete meal quickly prepared for eight guests

cantaloup, given a spicy touch by a few chopped pimientos.

Dorothy, who also knows her Spanish food, suggested this kind of dessert, realizing that such is the complicated character of "chili" that it should be topped off with something simple. On this occasion, those who wanted it were served beer. Others had coffee.

But to get down to the business of how Paul makes his "chili con carne"—a truly delicious dish which he learned from a real Mexican *hombre* called Pedro Gonzales whom he has known for years.

Here is the recipe and how it is combined:

[Continued on page 50]

Mary Pickford's Chicken, Spanish Style

This delicious dish often has graced the table at Pickfair and is one of Mary's favorite recipes! Now HOLLYWOOD offers it to you on a handy card, free for the asking.

It tells how to cook chicken to a juicy tenderness you've never enjoyed before! And it tells you how to prepare a sauce that was the masterpiece of Spanish culinary artists and the delight of Spanish epicures back in the days of the California dons.

You may have one by writing to Anita Blake, Hollywood's Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood boulevard, Hollywood, California, and enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

The card on which the recipe for Mary Pickford's Chicken, Spanish Style, is just the right size for your recipe filing box.

GADGET GOSSIP

from the stars' homes

● HOLLYWOOD's lady luminaries who have a flair for the domestic are of the opinion that you really have NEVER known all of the comforts of home until you've acquired an electric mixer. Joan Blondell is one of the most enthusiastic over the "glorified gadgets," but there are plenty of others who are crazy about them, too.

Joan's is a beauty. . . . Among the things it will do:

Grind everything from meat to peanuts; mix anything mixable; cream bananas; beat eggs; mash potatoes; whip cream; grate or shred vegetables; extract fruit juices; sharpen knives. The labor which any one of the standard makes can save marks this as an indispensable part of kitchen equipment, once it is allowed to "speak for itself. . . ."

Joan's will even pull taffy, and as for beating fudge and divinity—it is simply the last word!

● OPENING cans is no longer a chore for Lilian Bond, the reason being that remarkable contraption for the purpose which she has nailed up to the wall in her kitchen. You slip a can of whatever you choose into a round, adjustable brace that holds it firm and stationary, push on a lever and the top of the can comes off slick as anything! This gadget is called "Dazey de Luxe," formerly known as "Speedo."



No wonder Lilian Bond is smiling! She has found a new can opener that accomplishes its task without the least bit of exertion on her part

● FINE COMBS that are rather difficult to clean are made like new in a solution of baking soda and water. Place the combs in a pan large enough to allow them to lay flat, cover with water and add soda—about three tablespoons to a quart of water. Put over a slow flame and let

come to a boil, watching the process off and on to see that the combs don't curl up—a misfortune which occurs only if you leave them in the water too long or let it boil too hard.

● ANY little girl likes cookies, and Shirley—the one and only Shirley—is no exception. That is the reason Mrs. Temple bought that truly remarkable gadget which has been put into use more than once in the Temple kitchen. It has various "form plates" which will cut cookie dough into various shapes. You select a plate, put the dough into the press, turn the crank and there are your cookies, all ready for the oven.

● DOUBLE-DECKER beds are quite the rage among those of Filmland who are building new beach cottages or cabins in the mountains. Far from looking like "bunks," all of them are very attractive. Of course, there is a convenient ladder for the one who sleeps aloft. These double-deckers are grand for guest rooms.

● NEWEST REFRIGERATORS, like newest homes, have built-in conveniences. Jean Harlow's has, for instance, an egg rack that slides in and out, a revolving shelf so you don't have to reach 'way back in for things, and a special vegetable compartment that also slides in and out. Moreover, the refrigerator doors can be opened by stepping on a floor lever if one's hands are full. Jean's refrigerator is white, of course, just like the rest of her house.

IT HAPPENED ONE HOT WASHDAY



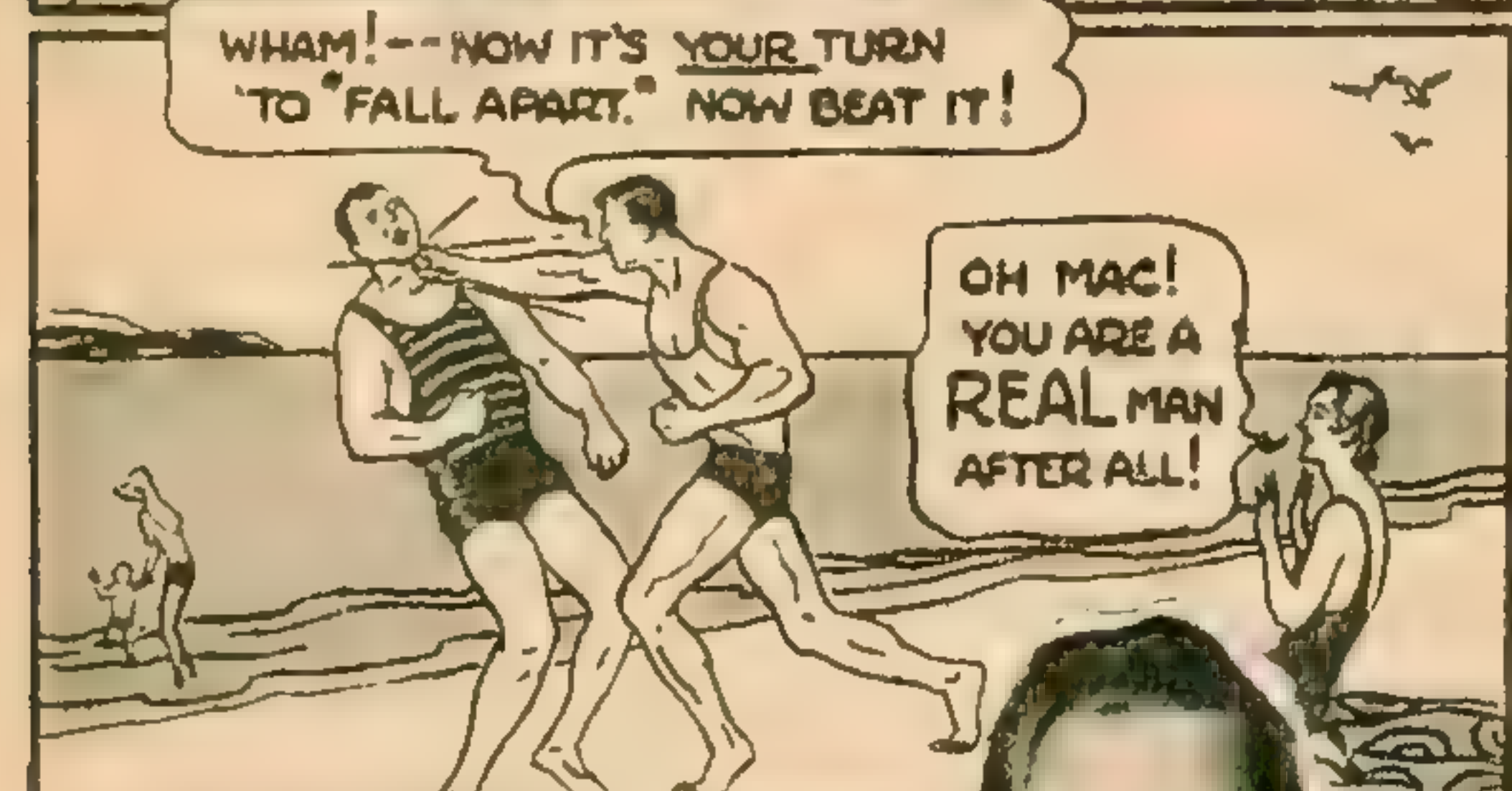
— AND FOR DISHES RINSO IS SIMPLY MARVELOUS !

RINSO'S creamy suds loosen grease in a flash, whisk it away—and your dishes are bright and clean in no time. Easy on hands. Keeps them smooth, white! Rinso gives thick, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Active suds that soak out dirt and get clothes shades whiter. Colors come fresh and bright. And clothes washed this safe, gentle "soak-and-rinse" way last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save money. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 34 famous washers. Endorsed by home-making experts of 338 leading newspapers.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

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When Carole Lombard Loafs

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

Then Carole felt better to discover it was only the heater.

Now WE approach the climax. Arriving in Dallas, word had gone ahead and the field was submerged with a seething, roistering, ardent mob. They were held back by only a fence and the grace of brawny men, one of them whom, in natty uniform, held in his arms a vast bundle of red, red roses, sent by that rogue, Robert Riskin. Well he knew how Carole hates red, well he knew she detests carrying floral offerings, like a hearse, through première mobs or at gala openings. And so with impish diablerie he had wired gobs and gobs of flowers addressed to her.

The grinning pilot came to her rescue and carted the flowers in her wake. He even brought them to her hotel, along with a pilot friend of his. Of course they stayed for dinner, and Bob Riskin's roses—or were they carnations?—graced the festive board. Subtle irony, eh what, Bob?

When last seen, the pilot and his fellow eagle were navigating, slightly off their course, with the flowers held between them. They had orders to drop them somewhere in Texas where it was hottest.

NEW YORK and Cuba should never be mentioned in the same breath to Carole Lombard. New York makes her tingle; Cuba makes her moody. It's the people, mostly.

She was recalled to make *Sailor Beware*, a picture destined, we fear, to lie forever in the haunted vaults of Paramount. Her vacation was over; now began the loafing.

Carole, so far as we know, is not in a romantic mood these days. She is a most unusual blonde, for there doesn't seem to be a bit of the blonde in her blood. Only men of intellectual charm interest her. And she attracts only men of brilliance. Playboys pass her by—instinctively realizing, with the instinct of their hunting complex—that she is too difficult.

If she is aware of the fact that she attracts brainy men, she gives no sign of it in her conduct. She is generally and

universally popular with men. But regard those who divert her attention from mere passing interest to something more, and the true state of affairs pops out. Bill Powell and Carole clicked at the very instant of meeting each other. You know what he's like. That smooth, witty fellow in *The Thin Man* did but bare justice to the real life Powell.

AND RUSS COLOMBO of those tragic memories. He had the depths of a dreamer who does things; brilliant, shy, practical, diffident. He attracted Carole inevitably; if you talked with Russ but a few minutes you could understand why. With Russ and his brother, John, we sat one afternoon, talking. When the restraint wore off, and Russ became interested, he could hold everyone spell-bound. He was filled with plans to put opera on the air, let his voice out and sing opera full toned.

I'm afraid Carole will never forget him, although she is no hermit. She goes out usually with that brilliant young playwright, Robert Riskin, who did *It Happened One Night*.

Yet Russ will always be along. I saw her start, breathless, one night, when in the half light of a lobby Fred Keating strolled in. Fred is tall, darkly handsome, with the vivid black eyes that distinguished Colombo.

At the dress rehearsal of Henry Hull's *Tobacco Road*, to which the actor had invited the press for a preview, we were talking with Jack Froelich, famed photographer who many times took Colombo's picture. Jack, leaning over the back of the theatre seat, saw Keating enter, and his face blanched. His lips framed the word "Russ!"

Fred saw us and stepped under a light as he came over with a word of greeting, and the blood returned to Froelich's face. We have never told Keating of these incidents, yet we know that twice he has given Carole that sudden painful contraction of the heart, that stifled moment when the memory of a dearly beloved faces seemed to have come back from the shadows again, to the land of living people where his debonaire grace and moving voice will be forever mourned.

—JACK SMAILEY

Chili Con "Kelly"

(Continued from page forty-eight)

- 3 cans tomato soup
- 3 Bermuda onions
- 3 pounds hamburger
- 3 cans red kidney beans (real Mexican "frijoles")
- 3 teaspoons chili pepper (or more if preferred)
- salt and black pepper to taste.

Chop onions, combine hamburger and salt, and brown over the fire in sufficient olive or other cooking oil to cover, using pot large enough to contain rest of the ingredients. Add canned tomato soup, beans, chili pepper and a dash of black pepper. Place over a low flame and let simmer in a covered pot for half an hour.

Novarro's Salad

Ramon Novarro who offers a new salad, very different and also very good. It is called "guacamole" and serves four people:

- 2 calavos (avacados)
- 1/2 can green chili
- 1 pound seedless grapes
- salt, olive oil, vinegar to taste.

Peel calavos and mash. Wash green chili, mash it and add to the calavo mixture. Season with salt, vinegar and oil. Wash grapes and add to this mixture.

Serve on crisp, pale lettuce leaves, with saltines.

HOLLYWOOD

Our Readers Write

(Continued from page seventeen)

like the one played by Irene Dunne in *Cimarron*—or in any rôle.

Sincerely,

Doris Null,
523½ No. 13th St.,
Waco, Texas.

Spanking For Jean Parker

• • Dear Jean Parker:

I am not a prude, but I could spank you for the bathing-suit pictures you have been posing for of late. There is so little poetry in life for we average movie goers and your youth and natural charm brings the scent of apple blossoms to our dusty cities. So please be lovely and unaffected.

Michael Largay,
783 Laurence St.,
Lowell, Mass.

(To many readers, Jean Parker's bathing suits brings thoughts of tree-clustered swimming pools along country lanes. It's all in the point of view.—The Editor)

Beery Steals The Show

• • Dear Mr. Beery:

A certain Sunday was a great day for me. In fact, it was the happiest day that I have ever lived. In the afternoon of that day I was in the big Ringling-Brothers-Barnum and Bailey circus tent and saw that wonderful show. Seeing a circus is my greatest amusement, so I never miss such an opportunity. That was all I expected to see, so I was not prepared for the greater surprise—and a very happy one, too—that came to me a short while before the circus started.

I heard the crowd suddenly start applauding and then I saw you with your lovely little girl in your arms coming up to your seat. It was really you, too, with that same wonderful smile that has won the hearts of all movie fans. You don't know how happy you then made me because you enabled me to see you in real life for the first time. What a treat that was!

After having seen you on the screen for many years and wanting to meet you—especially after seeing you in the moving picture of *Treasure Island*, one of my favorite stories—I was at last able to see you in person. To see you there was far more wonderful than the circus, so the circus was for a while entirely forgotten by me. You sat a little to the right and a few rows in front of my seat, so I was able to see the top of your head all the time. I certainly got more than my money's worth on that day. Therefore, I want to thank you for having been there because you thus made that day for me a most wonderful one that I shall never, never forget.

Thanking you for your kind attention, also for all the happiness you have brought into my life, I remain, with kindest regards and best wishes,

George F. Young,
Box 543, Arcade Station,
Los Angeles, Calif.

(Reader Young might well keep an eye on Metro productions, wherein Baby Beery will doubtlessly appear in the future.—The Editor.)

AUGUST, 1935



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Harry Carr's Shooting Script

(Continued from page twenty-three)

is the weather—it might rain and ag'in it might not; sometimes it looks like rain and it turns out to be only a fog and anyhow we have cool nights in summer. . . .

Flops and Floppers

IT TOOK Maurice Chevalier quite a lot of words to get over a very simple idea. Going back to Paris with his reputation in shreds, he said that he did not find pictures adapted to his temperament. In other words he was a flop.

I can't think of a single instance in Hollywood where any of these footlight heroes have made good.

Fannie Brice was one of the worst pay-offs in the history of films. Leon Errol and Eddie Cantor have never really hit. Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief, makes all the movie producers shudder at the mention of his name. Even Snuzzle Durante has been a disappointment.

Harry Richmond and Texas Guinan were New York raves when they tried a whack at films—and left the auditors in tears. Texas, as a loving mother, mourning over a wayward son, unconsciously supplied comedy.

The stage stars who have made good in pictures have usually been those who were picked just before they were ripe; not as they were ready to fall off the tree.

The New Villain

BARTON MACLANE, who knocked them kicking in *G-Men* with the best villain stuff in years, had never played a heavy until he came to Hollywood. He had been knocking around for some years with indifferent success on the stage. On account of his work as Brad Collins in *G-Men* he is fixed for life in Hollywood. He is a quiet, rather poetic fellow who lives with his father and two sisters on a little ranch in San Fernando Valley.

High Hat

THERE IS ONE department store in Los Angeles where most of the movie stars trade. The film gels refuse to buy anything that has been advertised in the newspapers; so the store keeps a corps of special clerks with Oxford voices who telephone around to the secret telephone numbers when new nifties come in. The average price of corsets sold in this store is \$90 and an average of four nighties at \$125 are ordered over the phone each week.

Don't Say "Hooper"

CLIFTON WEBB also bursts into movie fame with eighteen trunks, a contract to play opposite Joan Crawford in *Elegance*, a near-nervous-breakdown and a stern resolve to bash any critic who calls him a hooper. He insists he is an actor or something of the kind. These new ones are coming in too fast for me. The craze for new names means of course that none of the names knocks any one over.

Spanking The Immortals

I AM CREDIBLY informed that Miss Shirley Temple, the famous movie star, is now paddled where it will do the most good ever so often. Mostly for wise cracks. Her parents are determined that Shirley will come out of the studios the same kind of little girl that she went in. If all the other Hollywood stars were spanked for wise cracks there would be no use for dining room tables; they would all eat standing up. And it would be a happier world.

Hooper

THIS HOOFER, Wallace, can at least congratulate himself to this extent: he is the only one wearing a medal for having made a sucker of Mae West.

During his entire toe-tapping career, he has probably never before rated a nine-line item in any newspaper. For more than a month he was able to chase Hitler, the Roosevelt administration and Admiral Byrd off the front page. Huey Long and Sister Aimee McPherson are just pikers by comparison.

The Magic Formula

"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" disturbs the sleep of all the producers of Hollywood. No studio can put on a picture of any kind without trying to imitate the technique of that delectable little drama.

The most obvious effort was in Jean Harlow's *Reckless*. To the towering indignation of M-G-M this picture was rather badly mauled by the critics. Jean Harlow was broken-hearted.

Where they missed fire was that they did not make the audience feel the depth and sweetness of a great love story under the frivolity. *It Happened One Night* was light, gay, jeering and had a certain insouciance; but, children, don't forget that it had the best love scene of any picture made this year—or for many years.

New Star Twinkles

M-G-M POCKETED its chagrin with philosophy—grateful that the picture gave them a new star.

Rosalind Russell is the best bet I have seen come to the screen for a long time. To me she is a good deal like Frances Dee and somewhat more vital. M-G-M sees in her another Myrna Loy.

Either way she has the goods . . . a grave, quiet girl who can get over her stuff without doing too much. When I was in the movies, actors filled me with despair because I never could persuade them to stand still and do nothing—until there was something to do.

Whether in a picture star or a stenographer, there is nothing more annoying than an insistent personality—determined to be noticed.

Miss Russell's next will be *The Black Chamber*, with William Powell, which augurs well for her future. Bill has a habit of adding the final shove toward his leading ladies and there's no question about her future now.

HOLLYWOOD

Alice Faye's Secret Romance

(Continued from page thirty-one)

"My friendship with Rudy has always been just a friendship," she insists. "It always has been and it always will be. I have the highest regard for him because he gave me my first start in pictures when he persuaded George White to give me a chance in the *Scandals*."

● AND NOW, to convince sceptics once and for all that this statement didn't cover a deeper interest, Alice says:

"Nelson Eddy is the first man I have ever been deeply in love with."

They met at the Ambassador when Alice went to an opening to hear the music of Henry Busse's orchestra. A girl who frankly enjoys night life, music, and dancing, Alice always attends the popular Hollywood after-dark resorts. Eddy was there too, with another party. They met—and something clicked for both of them.

Alice had seen *Naughty Marietta* two days before, so she was in a position that all the girls who have thrilled to his superb performance have dreamed about. She had adored the picture and now, holding her in his arms as they danced, was the smiling young man whom she had seen in the ragged masculine, and immensely attractive costume of a rough woodsman on the screen. Is it any wonder that she was intrigued—and invited Eddy then and there to drop in at her home?

He came—it was her brother Bill's birthday—and met her jolly, vivacious mother, Mrs. Alice Faye, and her friends. There was Ping-Pong, and badminton. The Fayes have a most un-Hollywood circle, with a carefree informal atmosphere in their lovely Beverly Hills house that is more than most of the palaces of the movie great, a real home.

Now Mrs. Faye says, "It looks like the real thing for Alice this time," when friends question her about Alice's interest in the singer. And she adds more seriously, "I like him immensely too. I think he's fine. And charming."

● TOGETHER THIS romantic pair go to movies, little neighborhood houses where they sit, intensely interested critics, watching musical pictures of all sorts, and foreign experiments in the talkie art. Alice—and Eddy, too—is tremendously interested in voices. Perhaps it was destined that her heart should go to a great singer.

Vallée, who discovered her and who is still one of her closest friends, captured a continent with his completely different way of crooning. Ray Prince, in whom she was interested quite recently, sings with Ben Bernie. Frank Parker, another friend, is a well known tenor on the air with Jack Benny. Now Nelson Eddy, whose splendid baritone has starred in grand opera, is top man.

Few of Alice's friendships with men have reached the ears of Hollywood's gossips because she knows, better than many a longer established star, how to keep her affairs of the heart a secret. When she goes to the Clover Club, the Ambassador, or the Trocadero, she is usually accompanied by a different man every night, cleverly leaving the gossip scouts up in the air.

Recently she was seen in the company of three men—three men and just the one girl. They were rumored to be Eastern

bankers, boys of an orchestra, old friends from New York. A local columnist printed paragraphs about them daily, and threatened once to break in on the party, button-hole them, and demand their names.

Even Alice's own publicity representative at her studio was not let in on the secret of their identity. "Who are they?" she would repeat. "Just friends—people I know."

"Their names?" She laughed tantalizingly. "I won't tell you!"

● AGAIN RECENTLY she took with her to New York a German Schnauzer, a present from Rudy Vallée. She returned with a different dog, a small Boston bull terrier. Friends naturally demanded the name of the chap who had presented it—and who must be, from this indication, her current interest.

"I won't tell you," she smiled. And she didn't.

Perhaps this thoroughly feminine reticence is what attracts Eddy more than her beauty or charming personality, for he admits without hesitation that Hollywood's ladies completely terrify him.

They can't seem to understand that a man likes to pick out his own companions—"I like a sweetness and reticence about such things," he told one interviewer. And Alice, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, the center of an adoring family, despite her electrifying good looks has been sheltered by the constant chaperonage of an adoring mother.

Details about her reveal a girl who is amazingly wholesome and unspoiled despite Hollywood's adulation. Just the other day she bought herself a mink coat—one of her life's ambitions. It had always seemed to her that she would have reached the top of her profession—that point in her career when she could afford one.

She plays tennis, and held a championship in New York once for ice skating. She intends to try for opera—"when I'm fat and forty-five." She has a pet bulldog named Hunkadoola, which has been painstakingly trained to bring her a newspaper and her slippers. Brought to Hollywood to do a single song and dance act in the George White Scandals, she remained as a Fox contract player and has appeared in many pictures.

● HER FAN mail, recently, has included offers of marriage from an Argentine cattle man who promised a 500,000 acre ranch if she would marry him. A Frenchman held out a castle in the Alps and some jewels worn by a royal family if she would be his bride. A Royal Canadian mounted policeman gave her an opportunity to live in Last Chance, Canada, as his bride. But Alice just smiles and sends the boys an autographed picture.

"My chief amusement outside of film work is comparing voices over the radio," says this girl to whom song is life. "Frank Parker has a soft pleasing voice. Ray Prince has a good voice backed by a good band. Rudy Vallée has a distinct style. But Nelson Eddy—" Nelson's voice, you gather, just can't be described.

An engagement? Marriage? Alice is much too wise a girl to look that far ahead. Even though they go dancing or to the movies almost every night.



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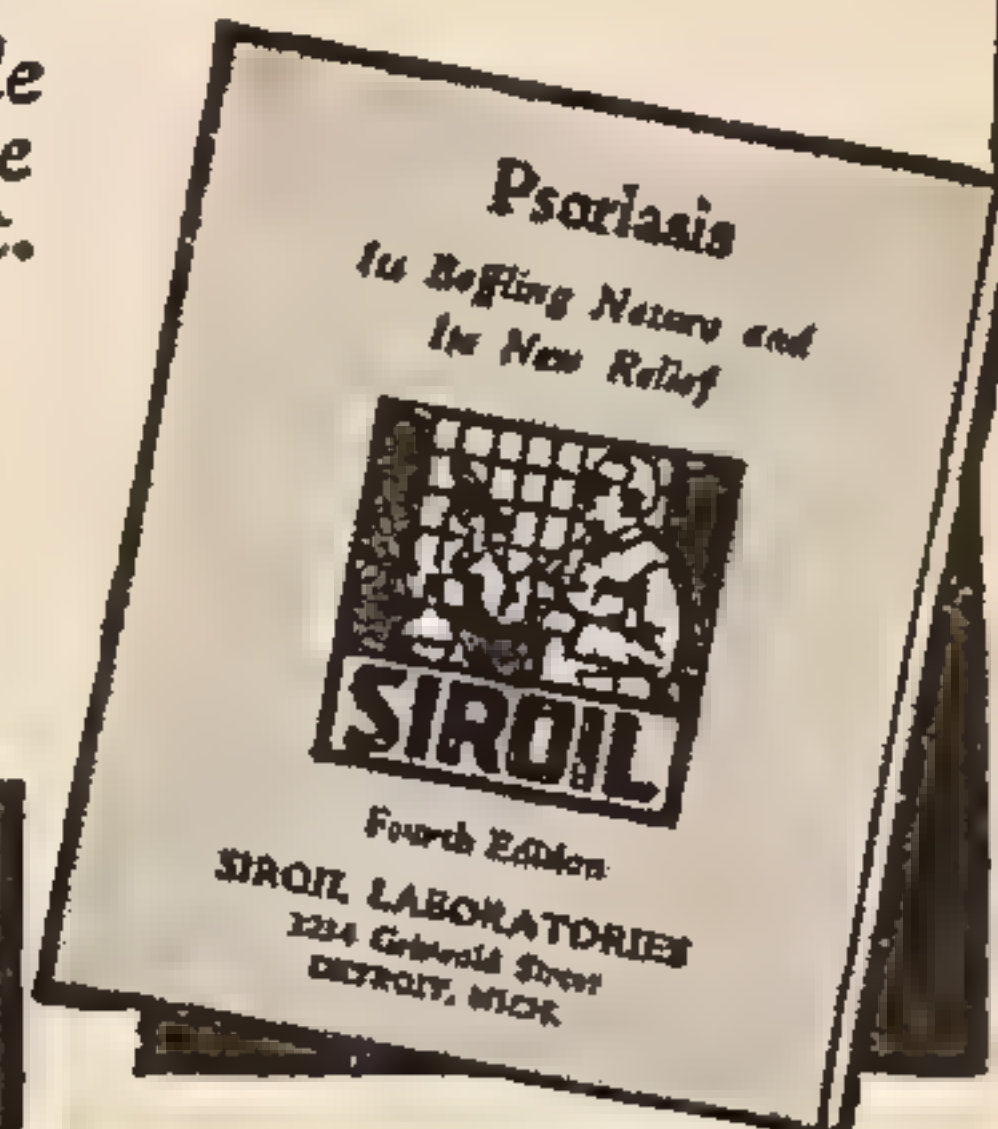
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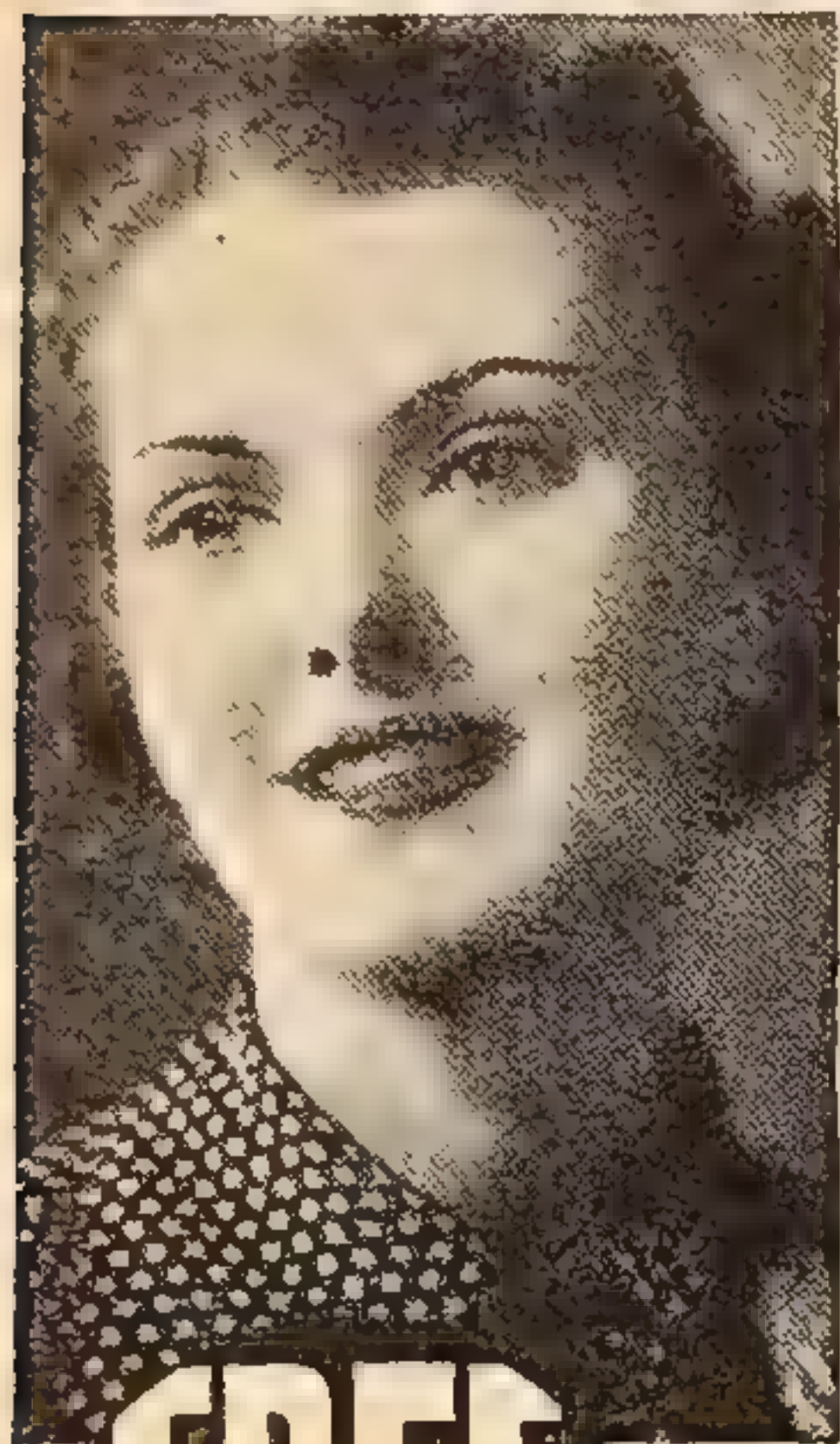
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Behind the Headlines in Janet Gaynor's Life

(Continued from page thirty-eight)

● INTERESTING IN itself, this story undoubtedly intrigued many an ambitious girl who read it. Each one would have loved to have interviewed the big director and thought to herself Janet must be an exceedingly bright person to have accomplished it. They didn't know the story behind the interview which was:

Janet was then being beamed about Hollywood by Herbert Moulton, assistant dramatic editor of the *Times*. Herbert and Janet talked much of the career the latter hoped to have, and they decided between them, with Janet's big eyes and wistful appeal, she stood the best chance of gaining attention if she could exert that wistful appeal in a rôle that tore at the heartstrings. As they discussed her future, they waxed more and more enthusiastic, as young people in love will.

Herbert decided that perhaps an interview, which he with his position could arrange, might implant this idea in an important director's mind. It was easy enough for him to arrange such a stunt with Edwin Carewe who, although totally uninterested in Janet, was alert enough to the value of publicity to please a newspaper man. Janet didn't get a job out of the incident, but at least her ambition was crystallized, and she took one more step in the ladder she was climbing.

Her next important headline was:

"JANET GAYNOR SIGNED BY FOX"

The news item which read that Janet Gaynor had been signed for a rôle in *Johnstown Flood* opposite George O'Brien, caused a very slight ripple in Hollywood. She had been in pictures less than a year, and few people yet knew who she was. The story behind this was that Janet's big chance had been arranged through a meeting with Irving Cummings, brought about by young Mr. Moulton.

● MR. CUMMINGS would have passed the introduction by with simple courtesy if he hadn't detected a spark of something in Janet's eye. Well, *Johnstown Flood* did the work. Janet was good in the picture, and from then on, although the going was slow, she had pictures to play. There was *Shamrock Handicap* and *Peter Grimm*. All the time Janet and Herbert, their heads together, were planning and plotting her career.

The next headline is:

"JANET GAYNOR IN SEVENTH HEAVEN"

On October 17, 1926, Frank Borzage, the brilliant director who has "discovered" so many stars, chose Janet for his forthcoming picture. He also chose a tall, light-hearted, black-haired lad by the name of Charlie Farrell to play opposite Janet. The story behind this you know almost as well as I do. Janet and Charlie met and fell in love. It was bang! love at first sight, and the romantic mood of the picture, *Seventh Heaven*, helped their romance along. There's always romance of some kind in a Borzage picture. (Wasn't it in *A Man's Castle* that Loretta

Young and Spencer Tracy fell in love?) I don't believe Janet deliberately meant to hurt Herbert Moulton, but, as is inevitable in such cases, she did.

● FROM NOW ON, Charlie occupied top spot in her affections. You remember when the picture opened amidst a blaze of lights at the Carthay Circle on May 6 of the following year, you read that the two stars attended together. Perhaps you wondered what had happened to Herbie Moulton. The true story is that the studio ordered Janet and Charlie to go together, and they needed no particular urging. Herbert, who had so carefully nurtured Janet's career, was most upset. He had a showdown with his fiancée and the next day Janet announced her engagement to young Mr. Moulton was broken.

Our next interesting headline is:

"WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH JANET GAYNOR?"

On January 13, 1928, a facetious writer in the Los Angeles Examiner inquired, "Is Janet Gaynor suffering a nervous breakdown or merely a bad cold?"

"Has she returned to Florida, or is she still convalescing with relatives in Georgia?"

"Did she collapse suddenly on the studio set, pulling out strands of hair, or was the picture suspended because of the holiday season?"

A very funny yarn which set everyone in town to chuckling. The real story behind this was that Janet and the studio were having a knock-down-and-drag-em-out fight. Little Miss Gaynor, three years after her gushy interview as an unknown screen aspirant, is now a star with the temperamental prerogatives of a star.

She was fighting for more money, and, b'gosh, she wouldn't work until she got it. She did get it. With approximately four years on her contract to go, she was awarded an amount double her previous salary and the promise of a trip to Europe. (You may note that little Gaynor is coming right along!)

Meanwhile, there is a new romance in her life, but most people are not to know about it until comes the headline on May 14, 1928:

"TROTH TO OAKLAND ATTORNEY DENIED"

Lydell Peck was the man in the case, and while he and Janet were emphatically denying there was romance in the air, he was actually waging a hot and hectic courtship, taking a plane to Hollywood from Oakland on every possible occasion. He had wealth and position, and Janet found him most intriguing. However, she kept him dangling for almost a year, and meantime, comes the headline:

"ACADEMY AWARD GIVEN GAYNOR"

Emil Jannings and Janet share honors for the year 1928. Interesting to note that Jannings, then hailed as one of the great actors of the world, has long since

HOLLYWOOD

left Hollywood while Janet continues to thrive in her sweet ingenuish characterizations. Do you remember the line in the papers which started from and bore out predictions of others:

"AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED"

Suddenly, Janet and her mother took a plane to Oakland where, on September 12, 1929 at 9:30 A. M. at the home of the bridegroom's father, James Peck, in Oakland, Janet and Lydell formally pledged their troth in an Episcopal service. It would be unfair to relate, at this time, the intimate story of fights, reconciliations, and jealousies in the months preceding which involved certain individuals close to Janet.

Six months later:

"JANET DENIES MARITAL RIFT"

In February, 1930, was printed, "Denying rift with her husband, Mrs. Lydell Peck sailed for Honolulu with mother yesterday less than ten minutes after her co-star in many romantic films, Charles Farrell, had cancelled passage on same boat. They met on the Hawaii-bound ship, neither knowing the other was there. Farrell said he would have to postpone his trip, 'It would not look well for us to sail on the same boat.' Janet protested, but in a few minutes Charlie cancelled his passage."

You may have thought the meeting of Mr. Farrell and Miss Gaynor had some significance, but in truth it did not. It WAS just an accident, although it caused talk throughout Hollywood which remembered Charlie's and Janet's romantic days and which sensed that Janet and Lydell were unhappy. The real story behind Janet's sudden Honolulu trip was NOT a marital rift, although she and Lydell had had a tiff, but another stubborn battle upon her part to control her film destiny.

She had been assigned to *Liliom* under Frank Borzage. On the morning the picture was to begin, everybody showed up but Janet. She was boarding the Honolulu boat. Janet was getting pretty high-handed and difficult. This has never been published before, but it was about this time she wrote a letter to Winfield Sheehan and asked that she work in no more pictures under Borzage. Henceforth, she told Mr. Sheehan, she wanted to stand alone and show that her success was not dependent upon Borzage direction.

In December, 1932, the story broke, and you read:

"GAYNOR AND LYDELL SPLIT"

The story behind all this was, of course, incompatibility. Being married to a film star is a pretty tough proposition. Janet's income from pictures was so great that she couldn't afford to give up her work and go and live quietly as Mrs. Lydell Peck in Oakland, and so Lydell had made the concession and come to Hollywood. He gave up his embryo law practice and went to work at a studio. Went to work, did I say? He tried to work. He never did get the hang of things. He was a lawyer, not a writer. He had several jobs, but no one ever

AUGUST, 1935

knew how to classify them. You heard he was assistant supervisor or supervisor or writer. I don't believe Lydell knew what he was, and no studio ever did. He was just a film star's husband.

The love the two had for each other simply couldn't survive the situation. The breakup of Janet's marriage could not have been any one person's fault. And so came the headline:

"JANET TELLS IT TO THE JUDGE"

On April 8, 1933, she appeared in court and testified—and her testimony was corroborated by her mother—that among the things Lydell did which annoyed her so that she wanted to separate from him were: 1. Reading aloud and gloating over her unfavorable fan mail. 2. Appearing suddenly and unannounced in her dressing room and peeking about suspiciously. 3. Maintaining a suspicious attitude toward her fidelity.

Our next headline is:

"JANET, CHARLIE ARE REUNITED"

With her divorce and marriage a thing of the past, Janet had waded into work at the studio with a new vim. In an effort to find good romantic partners for her, Fox assigned Charlie Farrell to the picture, *Change of Heart* from the Kathleen Norris novel. Next they gave her Lew Ayres in *Servants' Entrance* and Warner Baxter in *One More Spring*. But the Farrell-Gaynor effort was evidently the most popular for fan letters poured in asking to see them together once more. Probably Janet and Charlie will go on making pictures together indefinitely.

The headlines have been less frequent this last year for Janet hasn't crashed the newspapers in a big way. However, gossip columns have carried items of her interest in Doctor I. G. Veblen, New York dentist. He came rushing out to spend Thanksgiving with her. An engagement was expected. And then nothing happened. This WAS a real romance for a time. A close friend of Janet's told me she thought she was in love with him and then, as has happened with other men who occupied more important spots in her life—Herb Moulton, Charles Farrell, and Lydell Peck—she lost interest.

What is ahead of Janet? She has come through ten exciting, glamorous, at times unhappy, heart-breaking years in Hollywood. She now lives quietly with her mother in a roomy mansion on Alta Loma Drive, midway between Hollywood and Beverly Hills. She's gone quite athletic the last few years, playing a great deal of tennis, golf, badminton, and swimming at the beach.

BEHIND THE HEADLINES IN HEPBURN'S LIFE!

Another "behind the headlines" story is the big feature of the next—the September—issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, on sale at all newsstands, for 5c.

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Previewing The New Pictures

(Continued from page thirteen)

In building the sets, the largest crew ever employed was used, and the actual building covered a period of two months. A hundred thousand dollars worth of flowers, real and artificial, were entwined in every bush and branch. Several large fountains which gush forth tons of water were erected, and require two men to operate them.

Much of the shooting has been done behind barred doors. This is partly in

deference to Bing Crosby, and partly due to the fact that the mechanical units require plenty of room and no crowds. Most of them would like to hear Bing sing and see Oakie cut up. Both lads add interest to any production.

The *Big Broadcast* of 1935 will take almost three months to complete, and will cost the pretty little sum of two and a half million dollars. "That," states Mr. Taurog, "is a conservative estimate."

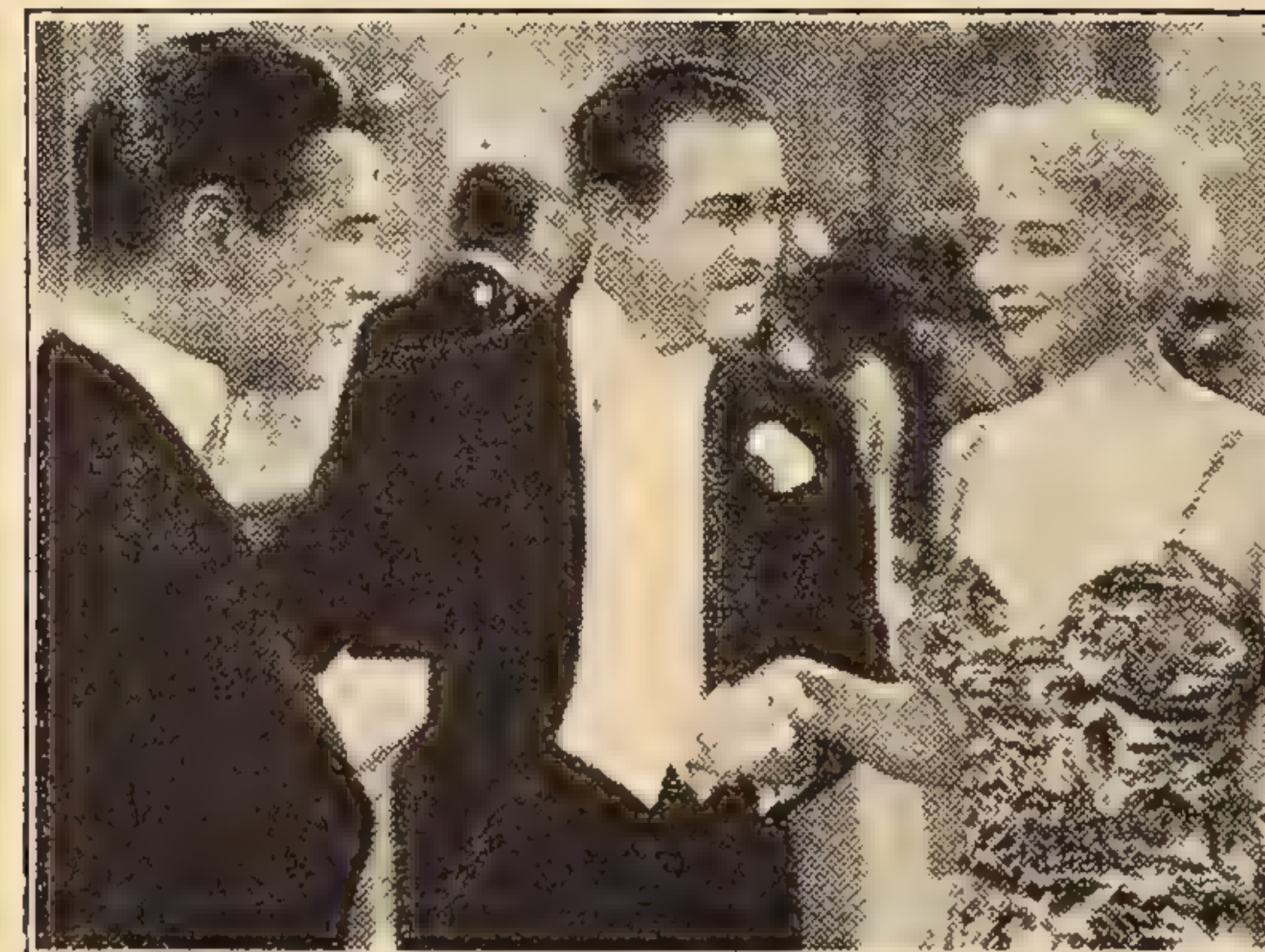
Topper's Reviews

Ellis, Carminati in—



PARIS IN SPRING—(Paramount)—Is a light musical show that gets somewhere simply because it doesn't try very hard. Mary Ellis sings. Tullio Carminati capers about in a gay, sophisticated way. A sprinkling of deft and clever touches by Director Lewis Milestone lifts the film out of lurking ruts. Gordon and Revel contribute several fair tunes and the dialogue is above par. A good evening's entertainment if you don't expect very much.

Arlen, Stephens, Cabot, Bruce in—



LET 'EM HAVE IT—(Reliance)—Another federal agent picture, this film deals with actual technique more than has any of its predecessors. Unfortunately, items such as suspense and interest are neglected and the film consequently misses being a major hit. There is too much Virginia Bruce and too little rip-snorting fighting. Among the lesser lights Gordon Jones and Eric Linden will please. You probably will see much more of Jones in the future—he has a definite personality.

You Can Tell By His Face

(Continued from page eighteen)

Temple, McCrea in—



OUR LITTLE GIRL—(Fox)—Is Shirley Temple's latest production, and for that reason alone is acceptable entertainment for countless millions who worship at the child star's throne. Shirley is the small daughter of Joel McCrea, a young doctor. Story deals with her ability to keep McCrea and his wife, played by Rosemary Ames, together when his career endangers their marital bliss. Lyle Talbot is the other man in the triangle.

Ralph Bellamy, Karen Morley in—



THE HEALER—(Monogram)—Ralph Bellamy, Karen Morley, Judith Allen and a good cast try to make this picture top entertainment. They can't overcome the ancient story of the country doctor who performs the miracle man act. Nevertheless, the picture emerges as fair entertainment with Judith and Mickey Rooney grabbing major honors. Bellamy, Robert McWade and J. Farrell MacDonald turn in good performances. We've seen those forest fire scenes somewhere before.

HOLLYWOOD

NEWS

Jean Harlow's House for Sale (Is a Merger in View?) . . .
Mary Pickford and Rogers May Yet Marry . . . Ruth Chatterton Returns to Make Two Pictures . . .



All-star kiddies going for a walk! Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Cora Sue Collins prove that they're pals

• •

A Mansion For Sale

AWAKENED TO THE uncertainties of a screen career, Jean Harlow is putting her affairs in order and revamping the plans for her future—plans that provide for a continuance of her current state of single-blessedness.

The eight-room Colonial mansion she built on a Beverly Glen hilltop just before her ill-fated marriage to Hal (Cameraman) Rosson, has been placed on the market, and, when it is sold, Jean will lease a much smaller house or apartment. She has discovered that the original cost of the multi-chambered abode was trivial as compared to the cost of upkeep.

• •

Plotting Marriage?

THE FUTURE PLANS of two screen notables—Mary Pickford and Charles (Buddy) Rogers—hinge on the success or failure of Buddy's current comeback try.

Should the talkie public take Buddy back to its bosom, and restore him to the lofty box-office pedestal he occupied when he deserted cinematic stardom four years ago to wield an orchestral baton, Mary Pickford, who already has announced her intention of giving up acting in favor of producing pictures, contemplates featuring him in a series of pictures to be made under her personal supervision.

And, despite their joint denials of a romance, there are those who insist Buddy will lead Mary to the altar should he re-establish himself as a talkie artist.

Mary's divorce from Douglas Fairbanks becomes final in 1936.

AUGUST, 1935

Chatterton Flies In

BACK IN HOLLYWOOD after a brief tour of Southern Europe, Ruth Chatterton has plunged into preparations for her stellar rôle in *Feather in Her Hat*, the initial vehicle under her new contract with Columbia. It will mark her first screen appearance in more than a year and a half.

While abroad, la Chatterton spent blissful days in the company of Jose Iturbi, noted pianist and her current heart throb, and now wagers are being made that the pair will wed as soon as Ruth's divorce from her second mate, George Brent, becomes final in October.

In New York, Ruth took possession of her specially-constructed cabin plane, in which she completed the journey to the film capital. A pilot's license was granted her by the U. S. Department of Commerce following an intensive course of training she secretly underwent just before leaving on her vacation.

• •

The Artistic Mr. Cagney

THERE SEEMS TO BE no limit to the artistic ambitions of Jimmy Cagney, pride and joy of New York's Hell's Kitchen, who, having mastered three distinct branches of the Arts—and don't forget the capital "A"—now craves a career in grand opera.

No sooner had Jimmy cinched his berth as a screen star, than he turned to painting water front scenes, and with such great success that the better New York art exhibits now include samples of his handiwork.

Next Jimmy turned to singing, and now he's taking voice culture so seriously that he's made his maestro his boon companion, dragging him out nightly to this or that musical event.



Snapped at Raquel Torres' swimming and tennis party were Nancy Carroll, Jack LaRue and Virginia Pine. They preferred to watch other stars swim



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NEWS

Ann Harding's Romance With Major Hits Snag . . . A Snicker at Una Merkel's Expense . . . It's Hard to Keep Up with Merle Oberon's Heart Affairs . . .

Marriage For Ann Harding?

ANN HARDING's intimates are taking with a grain of salt the blonde star's announcement that plans for her marriage to Major Ben Strawbridge, U. S. A., her childhood pal, are definitely off.

Here is the real "inside" of the Harding-Strawbridge heart affair as it has been told by those in a position to know:

Physically and mentally exhausted from too many arduous screen rôles, and constantly harrassed by ex-husband Harry Bannister's legal actions to obtain sole custody of their little daughter, the actress fled to Honolulu for a rest amid army folks who have been dear to her since infancy.

Ever since her divorce from Bannister, Major Strawbridge has been paying court to Ann, hopeful that she would relinquish her career and take her place at his side in a military post. During her Hawaiian sojourn, the tired, sick Ann acquiesced. They were to be wed as soon as Ann finished current studio contracts.

Returning to Hollywood, her health greatly improved, Ann found waiting her a new court action by Bannister, and she threw herself into the fight with renewed vigor, for nothing in life means as much to her as does six-year-old Jane Bannister.

Notified that she had changed her mind about the nuptials, Strawbridge hurried here to plead with her. Ann was adamant in her counter-proposal—that she carry on with her picture work, and that the major must retire from the army. The latter shook his head.

"But they're too much in love with each other to let it go at that," explained one of Ann's friends, "and as soon as Ann has emerged victorious from the court battle, she and the major will take up their plans where they dropped them."



Maxine Reiner, featured Paramount player, wearing one of the new Gantner and Mattern swim suits so popular in Hollywood this season

Hotcakes For Una

UNA MERKEL hired a new cook the other day and therein lies a story. After a week of eating her favorite hotcakes every morning, Una just happened not to be hungry. When the customary hotcakes were placed in front of her, Una called the houseboy and told him to tell the cook that she did not feel like eating them that day. Instead the houseboy took it upon himself to say that his mistress did not like them. A moment later an upset cook was in the breakfast room standing by Una's side.

"Miss Merkel," she remonstrated, "I don't think it's quite fair of you to criticise my hotcakes. After all, are all of your pictures—hits?"

Oberon's New Beau

WITH THE LESLIE HOWARDS again reconciled, a second purported Merle Oberon romance—her palsy-walsying with David Niven—ceased to be a topic for Hollywood gossipers when the widely-publicized betrothal between the exotic European star and Niven was exposed as a publicity stunt to introduce the young British actor to American talkie fans.

So now the path has been cleared for the rich Howard Hughes' phone calls to the Oberon beach home, and that the oil magnate-picture producer is meeting with some encouragement is borne out by his almost nightly appearances at Merle's side at one of the better dine-and-dance places.

HOLLYWOOD

Cecil B. DeMille, a Gentleman Roughneck

(Continued from page thirty-three)

that impressed me about him, long before I had met the man, was a story I read telling how DeMille once got the effect he wanted from an actor by socking the man on the nose.

The chap was supposed to register great anger, controlled only by supreme will power. He couldn't put it across. Finally DeMille walked up and socked him. Then he stepped back, called out! "Camera!" and had the finest closeup of a man fighting for control of his temper you've ever seen on the screen. After the scene, DeMille apologized, and later made the actor a gift. They became great friends.

● WELL, THE END justifies the means with a roughneck who has the brains of a gentleman! All great leaders, you'll find, have the courage to be brutes if it gets what they want.

What gives him this toughness? That actor might have hauled off and smacked DeMille for all he was worth, and a jolly good mix it would have been. The point is, I think, that DeMille has a toughness of the spirit.

I remember my old nurse, back in the West Indies, who had the same sort of fighting spirit. She could make lazy negroes toe the mark as nobody twice her size could have done, by brandishing a fist. More than once she waded into a pitched battle and came out very well indeed. Why? Nerve, and the will to get what she wanted.

I've gone sailing with DeMille on his yacht, and I've gone on trips without him on that fine boat of his. He, in fact, gave me the boat bug, and I was not content until I acquired one, the *Wanderlure*.

And what strikes me as a revealing observation is the attitude of the crew when DeMille is not on board. They don't enjoy the voyage half so well without the owner aboard. A voyage without him lacks—well, importance. Watch the same crew when he is on a trip, and you sense the difference. They know a leader when they see one, and no man likes anything better than to do a snappy job for a discerning leader.

I used to wonder where he found the endurance to work endless hours during a production. Gradually I found out. At his home he will get up early and go for a swim in icy water. I've seen his dive into the sea from his yacht when the rest

of us wouldn't for a moment relish such a cold plunge.

● NOW FOR THE other side of the picture—the "gentleman" side. Anyone who has been a lucky guest either at DeMille's beautiful home in Hollywood, or on his yacht *Seaward*, or at his ranch "Paradise," will agree that no one could be a more gracious host. His is real entertainment, and it is all so effortless.

It is not done on the lavish scale you see in his picture. If you imagine him entertaining in a golden hall with tables groaning under a thousand delicacies, such as you see in his lavish film banquets, you are far from the truth. He entertains small groups, with the dinner courses well spaced, the choice wines moderately served.

He has the knack of making all classes feel at home within such a circle, and is a genius for melding a group into a congenial whole. Then he likes to sit back and appear to be allowing the others to carry the conversation, while in reality he is guiding it skillfully himself. He has an almost feminine sense of the appropriate. For instance, if you prefer a certain brand of cigarettes, you'll find those cigarettes ready for you when you visit him.

Incidentally his ranch "Paradise" is truly well named. It is a game preserve—no fire arms being allowed on the premises. Every kind of bird and animal seem to be free to wander. There are peacocks and rabbits and the deer are so tame that they walk right up to the verandah and lie in the shade of the orchards and trees around the ranch house. I mention this to show that DeMille is a true lover of animals—this alone makes him a gentleman to my mind.

DeMille likes to discuss his pictures with the group of the players he has selected, getting them into the spirit of the play before a camera turns. In these talks the real perception of that brilliant mind comes out. He imbues us all with the spirit of the characters we are to play, yet does it so subtly that we grow into the parts without visible effort.

Thus the roughneck is blended with the gentleman. The result is the perfect director—a stevedore with the ideals of an artist, a brute with the soul of a composer.

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BRINGING UP SHIRLEY TEMPLE

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Joan Debunks the Bennett Legend

(Continued from page thirty-four)

came a player of note. Every generation since then has contributed its quota of actors and actresses. The family name changed to Wood, but the family profession remained the same. Some of the Woods became stars in London's great theatres, others were pantomimists and strolling players, gypsies of the theatrical hinterlands. But they all cherished the family's traditions. So does my mother—and, thanks to her, so do we.

"My great grandfather, William Wood, married Sarah Campbell, a descendent of the Duke of Argyll and made of her a strolling player like himself. They played in England for many years and then came to America with their five sons and their daughter, Rose Wood, who was my grandmother. All of their children became prominent on the stage here, Alfred, the oldest son, as a musician, the others as dancers and actors.

"My grandmother, Rose Wood, was one of the great stars of her day. She made her stage debut when she was only eight years old, dancing in the entr'actes of the big plays. As a young woman, she toured the theatres of early California. Later, for many years, she was a New York star. She played with the Drews, the Barrymores and with Joseph Jefferson. Her cousins, Rosina and Theresa Vokes, were English actresses of distinction and were also well known in New York.

"My mother's father, my grandfather, was Lewis Morrison. He was a star in his own right in New York for more than thirty years. He also co-starred with James O'Neill, Forest Salvini and Edwin Booth. One of my earliest memories is of the huge oil painting of him as Mephisto, which hung over the great fireplace in the old Morrison home. It was burned in the fire which destroyed the house.

● "MY MOTHER, Adrienne Morrison, was far more celebrated on the stage than Richard Bennett at the time of their marriage. True to the traditions of the family, she had made her debut at fourteen and built her whole life around the stage. Among her best known successes were *Damaged Goods*, *Kick In* and *The Squaw Man*. She was very active on the New York stage until just before Barbara's birth.

"With such a wealth of theatrical tradition on my mother's side of the house, is it any wonder that it was from her, rather than from our father, that Constance, Barbara and I derived our principal interest in acting? And is it any wonder that we resent, sometimes, the stories about 'The Bennetts' which fail to mention her or the theatrical background which she brought to 'the family'?"

"As children, she often told us about the histories of the Wood and Morrison families. And I think that her stories were largely responsible for our first ambitions."

Those ambitions, however, were never allowed to interfere with the educations of Constance, Barbara and Joan. Adrienne Morrison was determined that they should choose their own courses, that they should find happiness by following their own inclinations. It was their mother, not their father, who insisted that they should be sent to the finest

schools, that they should have a chance to travel, that they should be fitted to face life without being shackled, perforce, to the family's time-honored profession. At the same time, however, she was careful not to place any obstacles between them and theatrical careers.

"As little girls," says Joan, "we 'played theatre' more often than we played any other game. Connie was usually the star, Barbara was the supporting cast and I was the playwright and stage director. We went about our play as seriously as old-time troupers staging Shakespeare, and it was our mother, rather than our father, who encouraged and helped us. In spite of the fact that she never urged us to become professional players, I don't think she could ever forget that tradition demanded that each new generation of the Wood and Morrison families must be represented on the stage.

"Father to us has always been a brilliant, 'stormy genius, glimpsed on rare occasions between his stage engagements and then to be treated with all due respect paid to his mood of the moment. It was mother that we went to with all of our problems for guidance and aid. And she was never too busy to help us. Mother is, by nature, one of those people who are born to help others.

"There is a very close bond between us and there has always been. We have followed her ideas rather than father's.

● "SHE HAS always taken—and still takes—an active interest in our careers. She makes it a point to see every picture in which I appear as soon as possible and I know that after its showing, as inevitably as day follows night, I shall receive a long letter from her, criticizing my performance and suggesting ways and means by which I can improve my work.

"Our reputation for independence and willfulness is deserved, I suppose, but I'm frank to admit that I usually follow my mother's counsel. The theatre is so much a part of her that she knows, by instinct and inheritance, what another would toil a life-time to learn.

"And she has taken the same active interest in our off-screen lives. I have always gone to her with my troubles and she always helps me to find a way out. If it is true that I am deeply grateful for the actual opportunity that father gave me, on the stage, when I was down on my luck, it's equally true that I'm everlastingly grateful for the moral encouragement that mother gave me at the same time.

"And if it's true that I usually am a bit amused by the dramatic legends that publicity writers have built around 'The Bennetts,' the temperamental father and the temperamental daughters, it's also true that I resent the lack of any mention of our mother. I think mother has been amused, rather than resentful. . . ."

And Joan displayed a telegram which she had received, following the New York preview of *Private Worlds*, from Adrienne Morrison, who, divorced from Richard Bennett, is now Mrs. Eric Pincher of New York. It read:

"To my motherless daughter, huzzas! She transcends the family 'stahs.' Her voice reminiscent Of Bennett pere's isn't— So who cares for publicity blahs!"

HOLLYWOOD

What Is Joan Crawford Really Like?

(Continued from page twenty-two)

beautiful enough and intelligent enough to take Bob Montgomery away from Joan. Dozens of tests were studied. Suddenly Gail Patrick came on the screen.

"At least let's give her a chance," pleaded Joan. "She's never played a part like this before. It might be the one chance she's been waiting for, that will put her right on top."

Beautiful young stars are not in the habit of going to the bat for equally-beautiful young stars, to play in their pictures. But Joan Crawford did more than that. Gail came out and made a successful test. Ordinarily the studio would have sent down and bought her wardrobe at some exclusive shop. Joan asked Adrian, as a favor, to design something especially suitable for Gail. Next Joan talked to the make-up man, the hairdresser and even asked the cameraman to give Gail every consideration in lighting her.

When Gail Patrick went to Joan and tried to thank her, Joan would have none of it.

"If I helped in any way, I'm very glad," said Joan. "There was a time when I would have been so grateful if there had been someone to help me a little. I know what it means when a person wants so badly to make good. What little I could do gave me a great deal of pleasure."

● WHEN JOAN herself isn't drawn to some worthy person who needs guidance and understanding, they manage to seek her out. I've really wondered what it is that inspires people to go to her above everyone else. With hundreds of famous and influential stars in Hollywood, why do these needy ones just go to Joan? What is the bond that exists between her and all humanity? What is it about her that makes her stand out as a solitary figure of tolerance, interest and kindly understanding?

Personally I think it is because Joan is so in tune with all living. There are certain things she feels. They come to her with so little effort, yet are so genuinely sincere, she must apply them where they will do the most good. Having known great hardship, unhappiness and despair in her earlier life, Joan stands forth as a great oasis of refuge today.

Many people have come to me voluntarily and told me of the wonderful things Joan has done for them. Many of them she has never seen, but has helped indirectly. Because it embarrasses to have people thank her, Joan prefers keeping them at a distance. I'm not betraying any confidences when I mention a few of these cases. Naturally I will not print their names. But I almost think they would be happy if I did. They are so grateful to Joan, they would gladly shout her praises from the housetops.

There was the little stenographer who came to Joan, with the oldest problem of all. Married to one man, but separated from him and in love with another who was to be the father of her child, what should she do? Should she tell her husband the truth, or should she keep her secret? Upon Joan's decision the future of a human life hung in the balance. It was a great responsibility and Joan knew it. She thought the matter over carefully and then tactfully brought the three interested parties together. What

actually was said will never be known. But today the girl is happily married to the man who is the father of her child.

● A YOUNG inspirational artist, suddenly found himself faced with a great unhappiness. A woman had come into his life, completely dominating him. Paint, brushes and easel were easily forgotten. He was so madly infatuated he could neither eat nor sleep. And just when his very life depended on the woman's love, she walked out on him.

Desperately he planned suicide. Fate somehow brought him a chance introduction to Joan Crawford. She immediately sensed that he was brooding over a great sorrow. Into kindly, understanding ears, he gradually poured his story. Joan talked to him for hours. She begged him to forget his troubles in work and give himself one more chance. Doubtfully, he gave his promise. Today he paints with a new lease on life.

Some time ago Joan started a picture with a leading man, who had just arrived in Hollywood. It was bad judgment on the part of the studio, to give him such a responsible assignment for his first picture. After three days he was taken out of the part. It wasn't Joan's fault that he was inadequate, yet she felt terrible. She sent him a note and expressed her regrets. Then she heard that the actor had lost heart and was trying to get out of his contract.

Immediately Joan sought him out. She tried to reason with him. She suggested that it would be so much better for him to get experience in small parts and then in his first big rôle, score a great hit. The actor took her advice. You know him as well as I do. I know Joan would grieve if I were to mention his name, so I will only say that he is one of the best actors of today.

● JOAN'S DRESSING room and set are a haven of refuge. They are always crowded with girls who have beauty problems, who ask Joan how they should do their hair, how they can lose weight, what colors would look best on them. To all these she lends a willing and patient ear. Somehow she manages to find time for them and yet accomplishes the hundred and one things that comprise her professional and private life.

When the Chatterton-Brent divorce was announced, Joan spent the full day trying to locate the first lady of the screen and sent the message, "Just to let you know I am thinking of you." When the daily headlines announced Russ Colombo's tragic fate, Joan was one of the first to call "Fieldsie," Carole Lombard's secretary, and say, "How is Carole? Please ask her if there is anything I can do."

Having been touched by life and emerging as a tender, compassionate person, a great understanding has been born. With an all-consuming passion for creation, Joan has been able to accomplish miracles in her own life, with enough burning enthusiasm left over to share. In a city like Hollywood—a city of heart-break, where the pursuit of artistic expression breeds selfishness, indifference and superficiality, it is a great tribute to a great woman, when she can be called, "Joan, of the understanding heart."



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Richard Dix And His Three Bosses

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

pay her way by teaching English and drama at the Oakland high school.

“VIRGINIA'S OFFICE was in my suite of rooms at the studio. She had been my secretary but a short time when one morning I dropped into her office to ask her to handle a business matter for me. I had a number of things to do but she proved so interesting to talk to that I remained for about an hour and a half. As I sat there I wanted to invite her to lunch but I couldn't muster the courage to do so.

“Finally I left for my dressing room, still wanting to invite her. There I argued it out with myself, using more arguments than Emily Post ever could think about as to why it wouldn't be proper. I left my dressing room firmly convinced that I wasn't going to invite her to lunch, walked into her office and said, ‘Say, how about having lunch with me today?’

“She accepted and the next day I took her to lunch again. This went on for several days with the shadow of Emily Post constantly counseling me that I shouldn't be entertaining my secretary. Virginia, of course, also knew her Emily Post but I always found business matters that had to be discussed over the luncheon table.

“She had been my secretary about five months when my contract with the studio ended and I was undecided about my future plans, so I had the unwelcome task of telling her I no longer needed a secretary. I invited her to take a vacation on my ranch but couldn't convince her it would be any less proper for her to accept as my guest than as my secretary!

“She is the most honest and frank girl I have ever known. I invited her to attend a preview with me, the first she had ever attended. When I called for her she had on a lovely frock in my favorite shade of blue. I remarked about it and she said, ‘Oh, it isn't mine. A girl friend was over this afternoon and when I told her I was going to a preview with you she offered to lend it to me!’

“WHEN DID I propose to her? About four or five months after I met her—and she promptly turned me down. She was afraid we were being a little hasty and that we should take more time to think it over. Then my film contract ended and I went to New York. I was determined to become a wanderer, to tour the world and forget all about the picture business. But in New York I was terribly lonely—I couldn't forget her. I telephoned her, asked her to come there and marry me and she agreed to.”

They were married in June, 1934, by the same justice of the peace in Jersey City that had married Virginia's parents. After the ceremony they prepared for the world tour but Rich noticed something was troubling Virginia and asked her about it.

“Rich,” she began timidly, “I hope you won't think I'm terrible but I have something I'd like to ask you. There's something I'd like you to do—but please don't be disappointed in me.”

“Honey,” he cried, “I'll do anything in the world for you. Whatever is troubling you?”

“Please, couldn't we go home instead of around the world?” she asked shyly.

Needless to say they returned to Hollywood, traveling by boat through the Panama Canal. That was their honeymoon. They went to Rich's home in Beverly Hills and for a time Virginia endured the easy-going, haphazard house-keeping that was a holdover from her husband's bachelor days. Then one day she again timidly approached the president of the “firm.”

“Rich, dear,” she said hesitantly, “do you mind if I put in a little system here?”

“Mind?” Rich replied affectionately. “I wish you would. It's your home, do just as you please.”

She immediately took charge with results that leave Rich speechless in his efforts to describe.

“For one thing,” he said, “she does all the marketing. You know my real name is Brimmer and our joint checking account is in that name. At the markets they know her as Mrs. Brimmer and not as Mrs. Richard Dix so there is no chance of boosting prices because she is the wife of a movie star. And believe me, that's something.”

THE HOUSE is run for Rich with a system comparable to the most modern business methods. Virginia has a full appreciation of the demands made upon Rich's time by his picture work and of the problems confronting him. Late dinners caused by long drawn out studio conferences disturb her not at all and she is always ready to go where Rich wants to go on a minute's notice.

Their marital firm is a business offering huge profits in happiness and contentment. And the only thing bordering on a depression they've ever experienced is the feeling they have when they are unavoidably separated by Rich's picture work. This happened during the filming of his latest RKO-Radio picture, *Peacemaker* (tentative title), when he often had to work late at night and she was at the ranch. But “inter-office memoes” helped that—with Rich writing little notes complaining about the food Jenny, the cook, gave him, as his way of letting Virginia know he couldn't eat he was so lonesome for her.

A FEW weeks before the blessed event was due, Rich signed an unusual contract with British Gaumont to make a picture in England. It specified he was not to sail for England until thirty days after the baby's birth. In the event the baby was not in good health at birth he was not to be required to assume the the contract until such time as the infant's life was entirely out of jeopardy! When the blessed event became twins, he argued in vain that logically the thirty days should become sixty.

When we talked to Rich he was embarrassed and indignant about a story that had been published concerning the nursery he was building in his Beverly Hills home.

“Do me the favor of correcting that silly story, won't you?” he asked. “It said we were installing all manner of contraptions in the nursery, including a crane that would automatically lift the babies out of the tub and onto the dressing table. For one thing, Virginia wouldn't think of letting anybody but herself, let alone a mechanical contri-

HOLLYWOOD

vance, handle her babies. We are putting no fancy gadgets into the nursery."

For months after their marriage Rich did not make a picture and he and Virginia were inseparable. Which should be quite a shock to the "experts" who say husbands and wives should frequently go their separate ways to be happy. Instead of arranging golf dates with cronies of his bachelor days, Rich plans trips to the desert and other diversions that Virginia can share and enjoy with him.

"Strangely enough," said Rich, "just before you got here I was sitting over there chatting with a friend about the same things we have been discussing. My entire viewpoint on life has been changed since I married Virginia. She has brought an orderliness and balance into my life and in every way she has made a new man out of me."

They had been married for some months when Rich remarked to Virginia that he had not had a drink of intoxicating liquor since their marriage. The realization of this fact was a tremendous surprise to him.

"Virginia did not ask me not to drink," Rich said, "and I didn't consciously avoid taking a drink. I just never thought of it and the only explanation is that I do not need artificial stimulation because I am getting real stimulation from her! I guess I'm fated to become a family man."

Richard Dix doesn't yet know the half of it, for Virginia has been confiding to her intimate friends that she doesn't believe in bringing up a pair of boys without a sister. But then, what is one more boss in a man's life—particularly when he likes it?

—DAN MEADE

Bing Crosby's Song of Love

(Continued from page twenty-six)

I SURRENDER DEAR

*We've played the game of stay a-way
But it costs more than I can pay.
Without you I can't make my way—*

The Three Rhythm Boys had left Whiteman and were singing at the Cocanut Grove. They were the tops. The place was crowded every night with girls who looked acquisitively at the singers and with men who looked daggers at them. The Three Rhythm Boys were having fun.

Bing had developed an intriguing technique of singing with a dead pan, but he was having more and more trouble with it. There was a certain blonde that came in often. Her name was Dixie Lee. Bing was disturbed by her. He'd wise-crack and she'd feed them back doubled and redoubled. He'd give her a big build-up and she'd tear him down, but in a nice way. He really got bothered when he realized that he was looking for her every night. He didn't like to do that. It was nicer when he knew that the girls were looking for him. Who was this Dixie Lee, anyway? Well, for one thing, she was the one who'd smiled that funny, soft smile that other night and told him she didn't go for playboys—nor would she want to be just one of an admiring group around a cocky bantam.

"Meanin' me?" Bing had asked.

"Meaning you."

"Okay, lady!" he answered with elaborate nonchalance. "You know how I am and I don't change for anybody. S'long!"

But that wasn't the end of it.

Bing thought he wanted it to be.

Dixie thought she wanted it to be.

But love is different somehow. It doesn't act the way you think it ought to. They were both miserable. Here was Dixie Lee, an accomplished young actress with her future before her and dozens of men begging to see her every night. Here was Bing Crosby, the sensation of the year in Los Angeles, with all the girls in town trying to catch his eye as he moaned those sweet sentiments into the mike. And here they each seemed to have fallen in love with the unattainable—somebody who wouldn't even give them a rumble.

And they had their pride—both of them. So they stayed away. She didn't

come to the Grove and Bing quit calling up. And so, also, did they suffer like the very devil—for such is the way of love.

BUT THERE came a night when Dixie was invited out. She wanted to see Bing, but she'd rather have died than let him know it. Her escort was rather surprised when she suggested the Grove because he thought she'd formed a sudden and lasting dislike for it. But Dixie, well, she felt, it was a public place and she could look and listen and pretend not to like it, but still see and hear the boy she wouldn't even admit to herself she was in love with.

That was all well and good, but Bing! —Bing when he saw his adored one come in the room on another man's arm—well, his reserve just folded like a collapsible chair. It was a sad, sad story, but she didn't seem to even notice him until . . .

*"I surrender, dear. I may seem proud
I may act gay*

*It's just a pose, I'm not that way
'Cause deep down in my heart I say
I surrender, dear.*

*Little mean things we were doing
Must have been part of the game,
Lending a spice to the woo-ing
But I don't care who's to blame,
When stars appear, and shadows fall
Why then you'll hear my poor heart call
To you, my love, my life, my all. . . .
I surrender, dear. . . ."*

At first she tried to pretend she didn't understand but when Bing hit the chorus no one could miss. Dead-pan? No actor on earth could have chewed up the scenery the way Bing chewed up that mike.

But then why not? After all, it was his proposal!

In the days ahead they were both going to need the memory of that evening—especially the rest of it, which is none of our business. Though they didn't know it—who does?—there were years to come of even more amazing potentialities and with even greater theme songs to point the course of time in Bing's life. . . .

But then, we'll tell you about that—singing through the trials and tribulations and ultimate triumphs—next month. . . .

(To Be Concluded)

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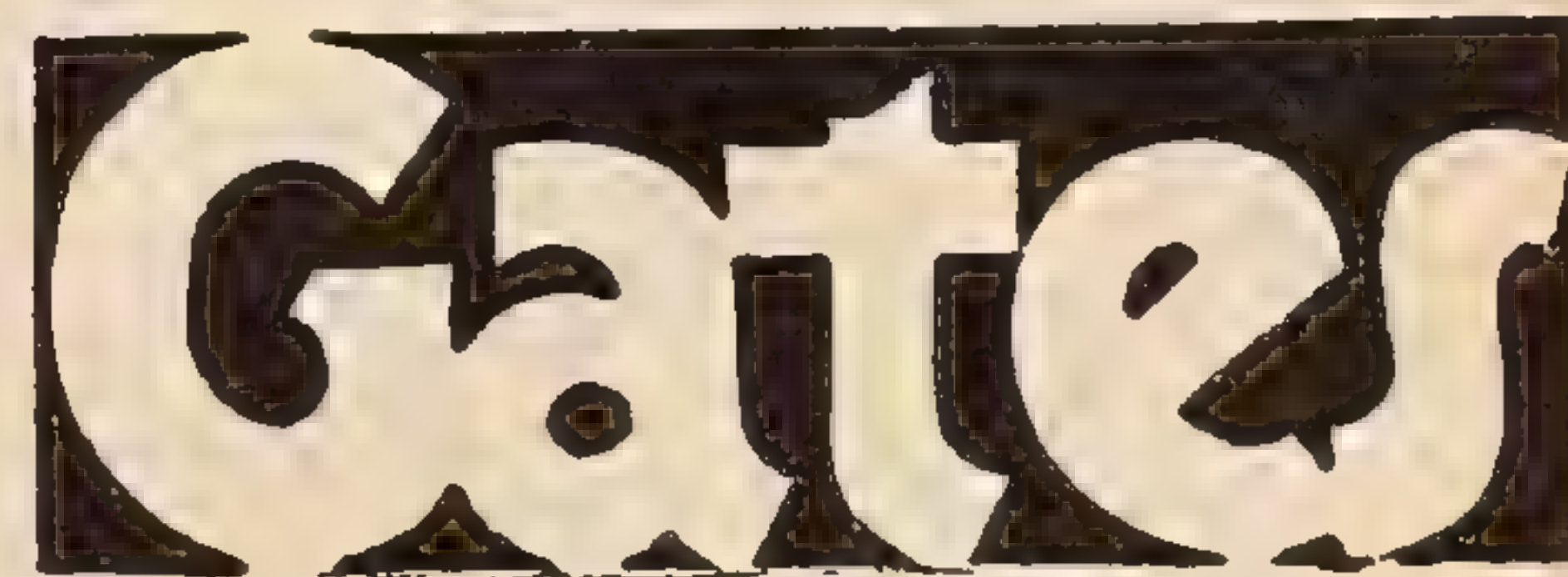
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Parade of Shadows

(Continued from page thirty-two)

stops and there is no sound but the faint murmur of approaching day, and the heavy breathing of the young subalterns.

● A Cock crows in the yard outside, and is answered a moment later by the ruler of the some other roosts not far distant. Someone moves in the room above me; a dull indeterminate sound. I am reminded of my school days when, waking early, I would hear the maid rising and a cold fear—a presentiment of imminent danger would creep over me. I always knew when there was trouble in store for me at school, even before I had committed the fault for which I was eventually punished.

On Sundays at home the maid slept late and it was my mother whom I would hear moving early. On these cold dark winter mornings I would lie in bed and think how good it was to be so still and safe, while my mother and sister went out into the raw damp air to take the Holy Sacrament at St. Luke's Church.

My mother's room was next to mine. My sister's at the end of the house, and my brother's upstairs, above my mother's and overlooking the garden—the garden, with its high red brick wall covered with soft moss, ivy and rambler roses—the garden where, under a shady old elm tree, we had read Grimm's Fairy Tales when we were children—the garden where, every spring, snowdrops, crocuses, bluebells and violets contested for supremacy; where hollyhocks and sunflowers, geraniums and daisies all slept so peacefully on warm summer nights; where "Rags," our fox terror, ineffectually chased lawless sparrows and stray blackbirds when they visited us after soft rains had made our lawn a happy hunting-ground.

● MY BROTHER'S room, like mine, is now empty—empty but for its memories, and he will not come back to it. On his bed sits a legless brown toy horse and a white toy monkey with only one eye—the other eye, a boot-button, had been lost and never replaced. As a child he had loved these toys dearly, and now they sit on his bed, waiting. Through days and nights, for weeks and months

they sit waiting. But he will not come back. I had told them so when I was last home on leave—but they did not believe me and still continue to wait for their master.

In the closet in my brother's room there hangs several suits of his clothes, a heavy top coat—an old hat lies on a shelf, and an odd assortment of boots and shoes are neatly arranged in a corner. My mother is the epitome of tidiness, and she keeps my brother's room spotless and just as he had left it.

I had spent much time alone with my mother on my last leave. Like two people in a dream, we had talked of my brother, my mother and I. Like strangers, we were over polite to one another, over considerate of each other's feelings, and neither of us knew, or dared to ask, how deep was the pain of our individual and unspeakable loneliness for him.

Once more the rumble of heavy artillery. I listen for awhile, a little apprehensive. Is it our guns or theirs?

"Mother—mother darling, can you hear me?" I whisper "Listen, my darling, I want to be a little boy again and forget all this—just for a moment I want us all to be as we were. I want to think with my whole being of tea in the garden on Sundays in summer. Of the woods at Easter so full of flowers, and you, of them all, sweeter and more tender than any. Of cold nights in winter when you used to light the fire in my room, turn out the lights and sit on my bed and talk until sleep came to me. Oh mother darling I love you terribly, so terribly—

● THERE IS a knock at the door. I hide my head beneath my army blanket. My servant comes in with my riding boots and a cup of tea which he places beside my bed.

"Six-thirty, sir," he says.

"I make a movement to denote that I hear him. When he goes I cry without restraint, until slowly, almost imperceptibly a great peacefulness comes to me. And yet—I know that I shall never see my mother again. She died suddenly a few days later.

Cantor vs. Cagney—It's to the Death!

(Continued from page thirty)

● CANTOR SIGHED, then turned toward the door of his bungalow office, where his daughter Marjorie was hammering a typewriter, and yelled:

"Marjorie!"

The dark and pretty Marjorie entered, smiling.

"Yes, Dad?" she questioned.

"How many pictures of Cagney are there in our house?" he demanded.

"Each of the girls have one, except Janet, and she doesn't like him—"

"Good," snapped Cantor, "Remind me to buy Janet a nice present. So there are FOUR pictures of Cagney, yes?"

"No," corrected Marjorie. "There are FIVE. I got a new one this morning and hung it over your desk—"

"FIVE, HUH?"

"Five at home, and the two I just hung up here in the office—"

Cantor RAN out of the room into the office, to see for himself.

During his brief absence Marjorie confided that little Janet has "a terrible crush on Crosby and is ever so sorry that Daddy can't sing like Bing."

"And Janet knows all THAT guy's songs, and sings 'em," said the belligerent Cantor, "But she doesn't know one of mine—NOT ONE! And I was plugging songs when Crosby was—well, doing whatever Crosby was doing when I was plugging songs. But it's this Cagney guy that's the bane of my existence. He's all I hear at home.

"Can you blame me for planning his assassination?"

● MARJORIE HAD returned to her typewriter, and while on the subject of his children, we asked Eddie to tell

HOLLYWOOD

just what Marjorie was doing in the office.

Cantor's face lighted with a smile of love.

"Marjorie," he said, "Is my right arm. She is the deep dark secret of what success I've had on the radio. She helps me with all my scripts; she keeps me down to earth, and her good taste keeps my gags in good taste. She listens to every radio program, and knows just what has been said or sung, and by whom. And let me tell you, and I mean it in all seriousness, I've getting back every dollar I've spent on my kids, and with interest. They are all helping me. Believe me when I tell you that my kids play an important part in the production of my every picture. I'll tell you why.

"They read the script, all of them, and now and then one will shout 'Daddy, I KNOW the VERY person for THIS part.' And again, one will yell 'Dad, DON'T play this scene. Soandso did the very same business in Whatisit.' Very often, in my enthusiasm for a piece of business, I'll get myself into a situation, and forget to show how I got out of it, depending upon the audience to use its imagination. But the girls will stand up and demand to know JUST HOW I got out of it. Then I know that an added sequence is necessary."

● CANTOR DROPPED his hands suddenly and stopped orating. Then his eyes fell on that inevitable photo of Cagney. The warlike glint returned to his eyes.

"Something else about Cagney," he stormed. "Right when it looks like maybe they have him under control, he comes out in a murderous film called *G-Men*. I gotta admit it's a grand picture, but look what it's doing to my home! These youngsters are dividing their time between dolls and imaginary machine guns—and all the time they're seeing themselves as Cagney, or his best girl friend.

"The story was good enough to stand by itself, but no—they had to make something of it by using that guy Cagney. Now, instead of the kids imagining me as a fearless government man, they're back on that roughneck again, praising him to the sky!"

Cantor walked over and picked up a volume on the history of poisons, muttering, "I'm gonna get that Cagney—the home wrecker!"

Now, here's a tip for Cagney. His life is safe just so long as he declines to autograph a picture to a boy called "Cubby." Cantor won't make a move until he obtains that picture, and I'll tell you why. Arthur Baer, of St. Louis, Mo., is Cantor's closest friend, and greatest pal. Their friendship is such that for twelve long years, without a miss, Eddie and Arthur have touched glasses at the witching hour of the New Year. Not a break in all those years until 1935! Eddie was in Europe, and Arthur couldn't get away to join him. So they touched glasses via radio and long distance telephone and wished each other well for 1935. But Arthur Baer has a son, "Cubby," who, insofar as Cantor is concerned, is the one and only small boy on earth. He is "Cubby's" "Uncle Eddie."

"Cubby" had written Cantor demanding an autographed photo of his favorite actor—Jim Cagney.

"Of course," Cantor gritted "He WOULD have to ask for THAT mug's mug! And the worst of it is that I can't kill him until I get it."

—HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE.

Maureen O'Sullivan Tells Her Marriage Plans

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

enjoyed that first one tremendously, and since John is writing the next one, I'm hoping he'll do right by me." She admitted, "It's always been my ambition to stand in a jungle scene with one hand on the back of a ferocious-looking but very friendly lion.

"I was given a contract after this part," she continued, "and since then I have appeared in everything from costume dramas to comedy. I adore doing different kinds of parts, and the only ones I hate are drawing room dramas of 1935, where I am the girl who is handy when the hero finishes with the dark, dangerous female. There's nothing you can do with parts like that!"

● GRINNING, SHE said, "I've enjoyed being in so many good pictures lately because it disproves a certain hoary Hollywood tradition. You know—that you have to play politics and do all kinds of things to get good parts. I haven't lifted a finger."

She hates other things besides Hollywood traditions. For instance, interviewers who insist that she has an Irish brogue and who quote her as speaking like a hill-billy colleen. Her voice is without accent, and she uses no slang at all, neither American nor Irish. Her eyes are blue and her face has the same freshness that is characteristic of her personality.

She hates, too, hearing directors and producers wonder whether she'll be "adequate" in a certain rôle. Even after her performances in *Richelieu*, *West Point of the Air*, and *Anna Karenina*, she says, they assign her to parts and then begin worrying. In Hollywood you see nobody's apt to think you're important unless you act important. Maureen doesn't.

She is even willing to smash the old tradition that an actress is sensitive about her age. "I'm twenty-four," she told me. "I always thought I was two years younger, but when I happened to mention to my family that I'd be twenty-two my next birthday, they laughed at me. Perhaps I got confused by a press-agent's story about my age, and believed it."

This magnificent unconcern over the two added years was possible because she believes that any age at all will be fun, when she gets there. "I'm looking forward particularly to being thirty," she said seriously. "I think that's the most glamorous age in a woman. When I'm thirty I can imagine myself wearing a pink knitted sports suit, bending over a rose bush in a lovely garden. There'll be a quiet, charming house in the background, and two or three children, my children, in the house."

She is definite, you see, even about the most poetic of her plans. (She writes verse herself—fresh lovely lines with all the song of Ireland in them.) And just as definitely the husband who fits into the background of that picture is John Farrow.*

—MARK DOWLING.

*John N. B. Villiers-Farrow, born Sidney, Australia, Feb. 10, 1904, son of Col. Joseph Rashmere Farrow. Author of many film plays including *Ladies of the Mob*, *Wolf Song*, *Seven Days Leave*, *The Registered Woman*, *The Common Law*. Farrow is five feet eleven, weighs 165 pounds, and is under contract to M-G-M, where Miss O'Sullivan is featured.



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STAR GAZING IN HOLLYWOOD

● **TOO BAD**, if something should happen to Katharine Hepburn. There is the evidence, on our desk pad. It says: "Shoot Hepburn today."

Today we are going to shoot her, but only with a color camera. Edwin Bower Hesser, owlish behind his horn rims, is ready and set up with his machine. We are going to take her photograph for the first time in natural color, for a cover on this magazine. Miss Hepburn is as curious, as anxious to make the venture a success, as a bright-eyed child.

She has put on the bright gown she wears in "Break of Hearts," which on the screen shows black and white. Actually, it is a stunning affair in broad green stripes of rustling satin. Her hair isn't red at all, but that shade which Kathleen Norris ascribes to her favorite heroines—"tawny." Soft, curling to her shoulders, catching coppery lights from the big lights on the RKO set.

We look at her when Hesser has her focused. No one has suggested a pose; she falls with utter ease into one that is charmingly graceful. Charles Boyer, her leading man, comes in. Hepburn wants him in the picture.

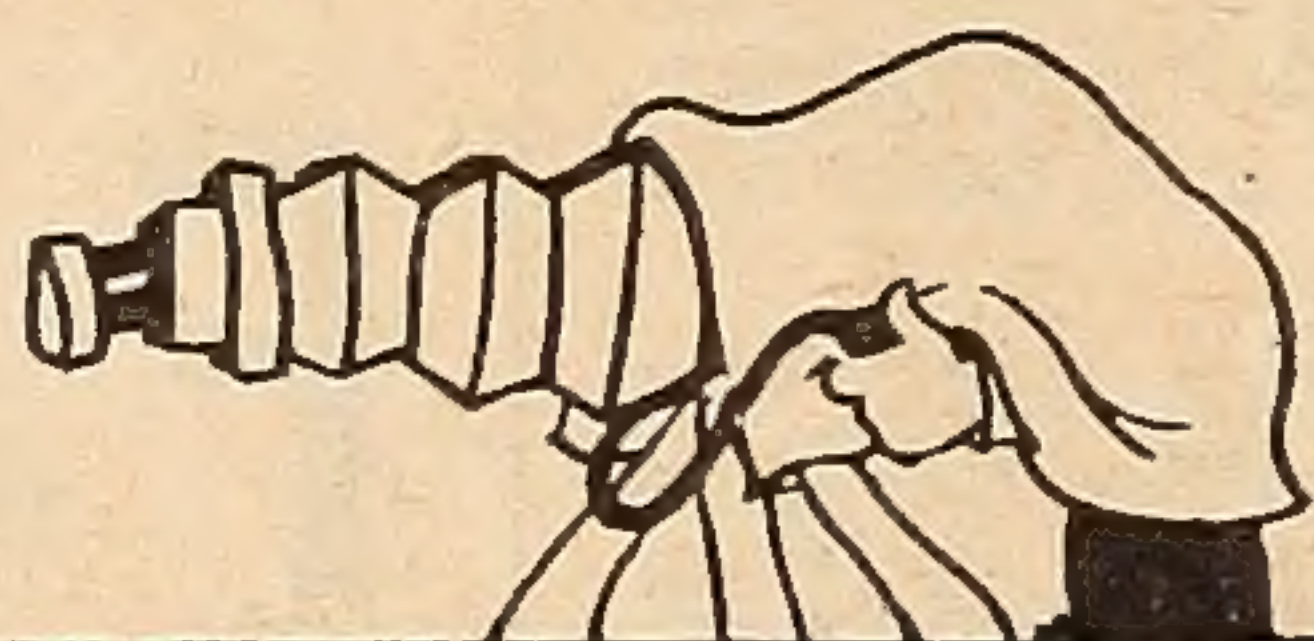
She has no angles to avoid; her face looks as well one way as another—sharp shadows, strong lines, deep set eyes, skin as soft as a baby's, and as unwrinkled. It is hot under the lights, and we suggest that she step away from them until all is ready.

"Oh, no, I like those hot lights. They're invigorating! Pep me up. I seem to draw strength from them," she asserts. "That's why I like movies—those warm lights."

She asks questions about the process, fires intelligent queries, right across the plate, like Dizzy Dean's fast ones. Hepburn's faculty for instant comprehension never fails to astonish.

"How about trying one in my silver lame dress?" she asks. And runs—she seldom walks—to the dressing room. Two hours have gone by forgotten.

Well pleased was Miss Hepburn with the results of the day's shooting, and well pleased, too, are the editors of Hollywood with their front cover on this issue, giving you for the first time, a snapshot of this favorite star as she looks in real life.



● **SHOOTING CLAUDETTE** is another delightful event.

She wears white serge slacks, white shirt as she enters the studio. Her new style of hairdress excites immediate attention. Claudette is proud of it, and rightly so. Her hair is red!

Where Hepburn gives a toss of her head and lets the long, fine spun locks fall where they may—Claudette's coiffeur is distinctly stylized. But red—yes red hair; what a surprise!

"And why not?" asks Claudette. "One changes costumes—why not hair?"

Brunette, blonde, or titian, it matters not—Colbert would still entrance. She is very shapely. Her eyes and lashes stand out as characteristics to be remembered.

Claudette has an odd fixation about herself.

She insists she is not beautiful. She utterly believes it. Many times before, this has come in sundry conversations; now, since her features are to be photographed in color, her attention focusses like a lens upon this absurd belief. She cannot, of course, come around behind the camera and look

at herself on the ground glass, or she would be forever convinced that the contrary is true.

"My mother should have been the actress, not I," Claudette says. "Look, I'll show you. Where's my bag?" From it she brings out a snapshot of her mother and herself. Claudette is laughing, eyes crinkled almost shut, enjoying something hugely. Her mother's smile is beautiful—Claudette's is a great big grin.

"See?" she demands. And wonders why none of us are convinced.

This deep rooted belief helped make her a great actress. She refuses to consider that she is pretty, therefore she must win what laurels she may with wit and charm. This she set out to do, and how well she succeeded!



● **GREGORY LA CAVA**, her director in "Private Worlds" and in her forthcoming Columbia production, "She Married Her Boss," gives us another view of Claudette the un-beautiful. She has, he says, no bad angles to her face; they just go ahead and shoot the action. Most stars will permit themselves to be photographed only from certain directions. This misfortune spoiled one team when both the actor and actress insisted on showing only the left side of their faces—and the director could never get them to look at each other!

La Cava likes discourses, and is a brilliant conversationalist. Four of us sit down to dinner at his old-fashioned American home—Gregory, Scoop Conlon, my wife, and I—to try his favorite dish, French Ragout, and to talk later until all hours on his favorite subject, the wherefores of human behavior.

An Italian (he calls himself a Wop), La Cava is the image of a paddy Irish bog trotter, with a fringe of sandy hair around a bald pate. His sense of humor is as broad and deep as that of W. C. Fields, his closest friend.

During the making of "Private Worlds" he decided that Claudette Colbert was taking their picture of insanity too seriously. To save her from the heebie jeebies, La Cava pulled one of his typical "ribs." He donned a huge and frowsy black wig, and sent his assistant to Claudette's dressing room with word that La Cava had gone looney and a new director had taken his place.

The startled and alarmed Claudette came out to see this strange new boss.

Hiding his face with his hand, the man in the wig told her what a nut La Cava was, and how she, Claudette, would toe the mark from now on because he wasn't going to be as easy going as that crazy Wop. Claudette was about ready to blow up when she saw through his disguise.

The joke served its purpose. La Cava had brought everyone back into the spirit he wished to catch in his picture.

Jack Squalley

Managing Editor

BEECH-NUT GUM

a single stick
will convince
you ... *it is*
*"Always
Refreshing"*



To knit and spin
was not much fun
When 'twas my sole
employment
But now I smoke
these Chesterfields
And find it real
enjoyment



Mild ... and yet .. They Satisfy